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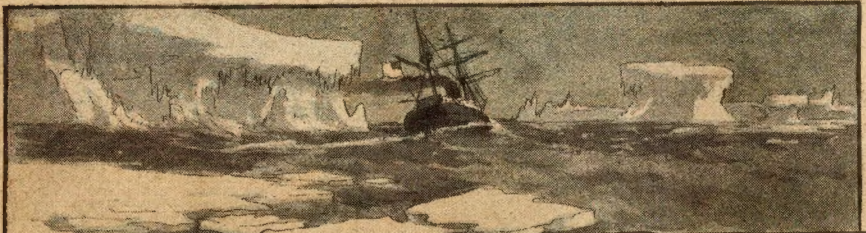
Climbing the Barrier;

Or, The Search for the South Pole

By Stephen Angus Cox



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CHAPTER I.

GENIE AND HER FATHER.

"IF YOU go, dad, I'm going too."

Eugenia Holman, an eager, determined look on her face, stood facing her father, Mark Holman, in the library of their home in New Jersey, perhaps twenty miles distant from New York. Mr. Holman had for years been interested in Arctic and Antarctic research, and had made two or three trips in search of the North Pole, with expeditions, one of which was a Peary expedition, and another with a wealthy man, a friend, who only got as far as the northern shore of Iceland. He had just told Eugenia that he had decided to go in search of the South Pole.

"I have been keeping track of the attempts that have been made to reach the South Pole," he said, "and I must say that I am eager to climb the Great South Barrier. Peary and Cook have about ended the interest in Arctic research, for they have practically reached the North Pole, and thus have accomplished what they have been trying for so many years to do. But the South Pole still remains unconquered, and I would like to be the one to discover it."

"And I would like to be the one to plant the American flag at the South Pole, dad," said Eugenia, her big, gray eyes glowing with eagerness and excitement. That would be something worth while, wouldn't it? For me to be able to say that I, a woman, planted the American flag at the South Pole would be something to be proud of, and to remember with pleasure all the rest of my life."

Mr. Holman smiled affectionately. "That would be fine, Genie," he said, his voice soft and tender; "and I would like to have you along, and would be glad to have you plant the Stars and Stripes at the South Pole, but I fear, daughter, that you could not stand the exposure to cold, and the confinement of life on shipboard. You have not been used to roughing it."

"I know I haven't, dad," was the reply; "but I have finished at college, and have nothing to do, now, except look after you, and what would I do here all alone while you were gone?"

Mr. Holman was silent a few moments, and then looked up and said: "I was figuring on sending you to your aunt's home in the city, Genie. Your Aunt Margaret, you know, is practically alone, and would be only too glad of your companionship. In fact, she wrote me, the other day, that she wished you would come and stay with her a few months, and I wrote that probably you would do so, as I was fitting out an expedition to go to the South Pole, and would be gone several months, at least, and perhaps a year or two."

"Where you go, I go, dad," said Eugenia, her pretty face flushed with eagerness, her eyes shining. "I am tired of a humdrum existence, dad, and nothing in the world would please me better than to go with you. I believe that I am of an adventurous disposition, anyway. You know, there is some of the blood of the old Norsemen in my veins, and they were the greatest sailors the world has ever known, and of an adventurous turn of mind, dad."

"Yes, I know, Genie, but this trip to the South Pole will not be a summer's picnic. It will mean months of confinement on shipboard, perhaps, and then weeks, and perhaps months of exposure in the cold, traveling across ice-fields, and clambering over icebergs and the Great South Barrier."

"That will just suit me, dad," enthusiastically. "I don't mind the cold, and am strong and healthy, and will be able to stand the hardships and exposure as well as you men, I am sure. I'm going, and that is settled, so you might as well make up your mind to it. I shall begin packing up such of my belongings as I shall want to take with me, so as to have them transferred to the ship. I will want to take a lot of books and magazines, and my violin, so that I shall have plenty to read, and can continue my study of the violin. I will have plenty of time for practice, and by the time we get back to New York I will be a real virtuoso, dad." Eugenia's eyes were shining, and her voice vibrated with delight. It was evident that she was delighted with the prospects of a year or two of adventure.

Mr. Holman regarded his daughter earnestly and thoughtfully. He loved her as well as a father ever loved a daughter, and he would be very glad to have her with him, but he feared she might not be able to endure the hardships and exposure, and to take her away down into the Antarctic regions and lose her would be something for which he would never be able to forgive himself.

"I would like to have you with me, Genie," he said, presently, in a slow, earnest voice; "but you are now nearly twenty years old, and just at the age when young women should be looking around for a mate for life. You don't want to live alone all your life, girl, you know, and your dad can't live always, so after he is gone, you should have a protector, a husband, and now——"

"Is the time to catch a husband, you think, eh, dad?" with a ringing laugh. "No doubt you think that a year or two with Aunt Margaret in the city, in her magnificent home, where many of the wealthiest and best people call, would be likely to win for me a husband, but, dad, if you will believe me, much as you may doubt it, I don't want a husband. I told you I have some of the adventurous blood of my old Norse ancestors in me, and it must have its fling. I am going with you, and that is all there is to it. You can't 'shake' me, dad, as the girls at boarding-school say; I wouldn't miss going for anything in the world. How soon does the expedition start?"

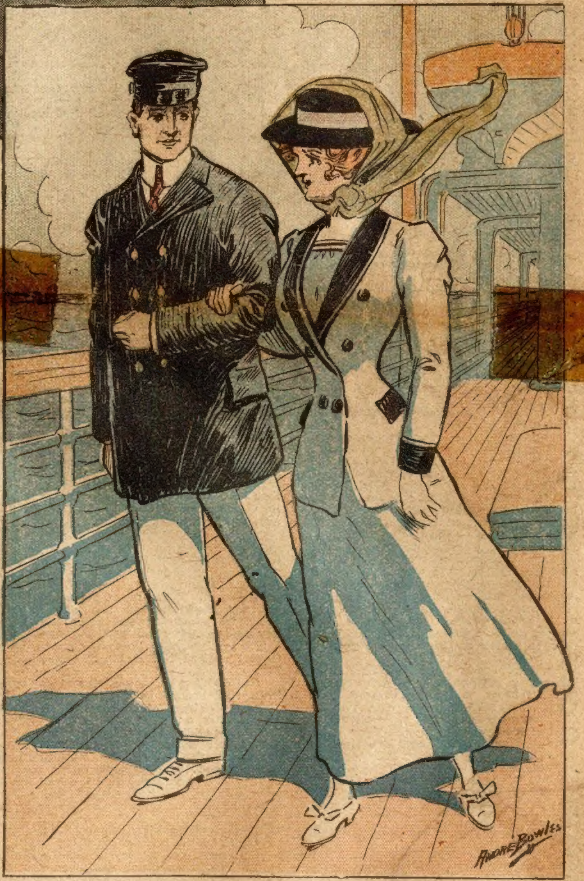
"Everything will be ready by the first of next week. I have put off telling you, for I didn't want to begin to feel alone till after I was practically ready to start. But at your aunt's home, however, you would not be lonely, anyway."

"I'll not be lonely with you dad," said Eugenia, and she slipped her arms around the neck of her father and gave him a kiss, after which she turned and left the room, saying she was going to her room to begin to sort over her belongings, with a view to deciding what she should take.

"You won't need much, excepting plenty of warm, heavy clothing, Genie," said her father. "The ship is not a large one, and your stateroom will be only about six feet by eight, so you won't have much room. The hold is filled with sleds, provisions and supplies such as we will likely need for a two years' stay.

"I shall not take any of my fine dresses along, dad," with a smile. "Just strong, serviceable clothing, and to tell you the truth, I shall be glad to get away from the flimsy clothing that is worn in society. I want to wear clothing such as is worn by working people that do something in the world." She had paused at the door, and was talking over her shoulder, and now she hastened on up to her room, where she at once began looking over her wardrobe and selecting what should be taken.

She found that most of her outfit would have to be purchased, and she decided that she would accompany her father to the city the next time he went, and would buy her outfit and a lot of books and magazines, and also plenty of new music, to give interest and variety to her studies of the violin, which were of a classical nature.



Mr. Holman, left alone in the library, sat looking thoughtfully at the wall, as he considered the matter of his daughter accompanying him into the South Pole region. He remembered the dreariness of the months of confinement on shipboard, during the winters, when he had been on the other expeditions, and the hardships when trying to make the trips across the ice, in the dash to reach as far north as possible, and he realized that it would be hard for Genie, who had been used to freedom and outdoor life, and lots of companions almost all her life.

"Still, as she seems to think she will like it, and wants to give her adventurous blood a fling, as she calls, it," he murmured; "I guess it will be as well for her to accompany me. It will be pleasant to have her along, and I will have somebody to play cards and chess with." And he smiled, and sighed, as if in relief. He was really glad, when he came to figure it out, that Genie was going with him.

And that Genie was glad she was going with her father might easily be guessed, had any one seen the eagerness with which she was getting ready for the trip, and the flush of excitement and the look of pleasure that was on her face and in her eyes.

"I'm going to have the time of my life," Genie told herself. "I wouldn't miss going with dad for the world. This expedition in search of the South Pole is just to my taste, and when it comes to climbing the Great South Barrier, I don't think any of the men will get over it much quicker or easier than I will."

CHAPTER II.
THE START.

The next day Mr. Holman went to the city and Eugenia accompanied him. He went to see about the loading of the steamer, while Eugenia went to one of the big department stores and bought a lot of heavy clothing, such as would be comfortable and easy in the cold country of the Far South, and then she bought fifteen or twenty volumes of the latest and best fiction, three or four years' numbers of magazines, and a lot of new music.

Having ordered her purchases to be sent, Eugenia went around to the wharf where the steamer lay, for she was a live, energetic girl, and was eager to see what was to be her home for the next year or so. She found her father on the deck superintending the putting of supplies and provisions in the hold, and was given a smile and a nod.

"How are you, Genie?" he said. "Got your trading done already?"

"Yes, dad," was the reply. "I bought a lot of heavy clothing, and plenty of books, magazines and music. They will be here with the purchases from the store, soon. I want to see my stateroom. Are you too busy to show it to me?"

"No, I'll go with you, now." He spoke a few words to a man, whom he told Genie was his second mate, telling him to superintend the work while he was gone, and conducted his daughter into the cabin.

The front room of the cabin was a good-sized one, and had seats at the sides, two or three chairs, fastened to the floor, a desk in one corner, and was carpeted. It looked cozy and comfortable. The next room was the library, reading, chart and smoking room, and the explorer explained that it would be used by himself and daughter exclusively, for a sittingroom. At one side were two staterooms, one was Mr. Holman's, the other being his daughter's.

The girl entered her room and looked about her with interest. At one side was a cot, fastened to the wall, and there was a little closet at one end, and shelves above the cot, to hold clothing.

"It isn't very big," said Mr. Holman, with a smile, "but you can be comfortable, I guess."

"Oh, it's a cute little room, and will be cozy and nice," said Eugenia, her eyes sparkling. "I'll soon make it seem like home, when my clothing, books, magazines and music get here."

"I am glad that you're going, Genie," said her father. "It won't seem nearly so lonesome with you along. I was set against it at first, but you are young, strong and healthy, and will likely be able to stand the confinement and exposure as well as any of us, and it will be nice and homelike to have you with me."

"And you may be sure that I'm glad I'm going with you, dad," with a smile. "I can't begin to tell you how delighted I am. I am all a-tingle with pleasureable excitement at the very thought of sailing away toward the Far South, bound on an attempt to climb the Great South Barrier and plant the American flag at the South Pole. You're an explorer, dad, and I believe that I am a worthy daughter of an explorer. I feel that I was cut out for some such work, rather than to get married and settle down and live a quiet, humdrum life afterward."

"A home and protector are well worth while, Genie," with a smile; "but you are only twenty, and will have plenty of time to find a husband, after we return, before you will begin to be sere and wrinkled."

"I should say so," with a laugh. "Why, I feel like a child, dad. I'm never going to be old, anyway. I shall always be young, and I can get married any time I like, after I have made a name for myself as an explorer."

Mr. Holman conducted his daughter through the cabin, showing her the different rooms, and out upon the deck again, where they stood watching the work of lowering the supplies into the hold. This work was being superintended by the second mate, who presently approached to ask Mr. Holman about where he wished some of the supplies placed, and was introduced to Eugenia. He was a rather good-looking man, about twenty-five years of age, and seemed to be very well educated, as he used good language. His name was Robert Ralston. Genie greeted him pleasantly, and he talked a few moments before returning to his work. He did not let his feelings show, if he were more than favorably impressed with the girl, but how he could help being favorably impressed would have been a mystery, for she made a beautiful picture as she stood there on the deck, her cheeks rosy, her eyes aglow, a bright eager look on her face.

"He seems to be a nice man," said Genie, when the mate had gone.

"Yes," was the reply. "And he seems to understand his work."

"I'm glad you have such an intelligent man for a mate, dad. It is helpful to have assistants who know enough to do their work without being told."

"You are right. If I were to get sick, he could manage for awhile, I guess; but he is not an experienced navigator. I must find a mate who will be able to manage that part of the work, taking turns with me. I'm to be captain, you know."

"Yes, and I wish I understood navigation. I believe that I would like to be a sailor and live on the ocean, going from port to port, all over the world, as a regular business. I've heard of women who were commanders of vessels."

"Well," laughed her father; "you are commander of this vessel even now. So you are started on the life that you think you would like."

"That's so," with an echoing laugh. "You boss the mates and sailors, and I'll boss you, so I'll be captain of the Ice Queen."

Genie was so interested that she stayed as long as her father did, and went to a restaurant with him, at noon, and had luncheon, and then back to the steamer, staying there till her goods were delivered, when she proceeded to place the clothing, books, magazines and music on the shelves in her stateroom. This done, she rejoined her father, on deck, and remained till he was ready to return to their home, when they crossed to the Jersey side, and taking the local, were soon at their home.

By the last of the week the work of loading the steamer was finished, and on Monday Mr. Holman and Genie went to the city, and boarded the steamer. Their home had been leased to a friend from the city for a year, and he would take possession at once, so the house would not stand vacant.

In the bustle and confusion of getting away from the wharf and down the bay and out through the Narrows, Genie did not take much notice of the officers or sailors. Her eyes were on the panorama of apparently moving scenery, as the steamer moved out toward the ocean. She stood well forward, where she got the breeze, it being July and hot, and as the wind blew her hair in ringlets about her face, and she stood there, gazing toward the city, the bridges across East river, and then toward Brooklyn, and later at the forts guarding the Narrows, her eyes shone and there was such a look of happiness on her face that she made a beautiful picture indeed. Her father was busy most of the time, moving about, giving orders, but he found time to stop beside her once or twice, for awhile, and talk to her. He was glad that she was so well pleased, and the more he looked at her and considered the matter, the gladder he was that he had consented to let her accompany the expedition.

Out into the lower bay the steamer, gaining speed as the open water was entered, and past Sandy Hook the ship went, and presently was on the ocean proper. The voyage to the South Pole was begun. The Ice Queen, with its queenly captain, and the officers and crew, were started on their long journey to the Antartic.

"Do you want to go to the cabin, now, Genie?" asked Mr. Holman, approaching her.

"No, dad," with a smile, and drawing in a full breath of the fresh salt air. "I am enjoying myself too well for that. I will stay on deck awhile longer."

"Very well," and Mr. Holman stood beside her, and varied his surveys of the steamer's deck and his surroundings, with glances of loving fondness for his daughter. He thought that he had never seen a more beautiful picture than that made by his daughter, and perhaps he was right.

They stood looking ahead, toward the south, the ship being headed in that direction now, when they heard footsteps behind them, and turned, to see a well-built, handsome man of perhaps twenty-five to thirty years standing before them. He was bronzed, and looked as though he had seen lots of exposure in different climes and weather, but his face was strong and manly, while the brown eyes, soft and pleasing, but clear and keen, met one's glance frankly. He was looking at Mr. Holman, but touched his hat, as much in recognition of Genie's presence as in deference to his superior officer, and said:

"Everything is shipshape, now, Mr. Holman. Have you any further orders?"

"Not at present," was the reply. "Simply hold the steamer on her course, almost due south, until further orders."

"Very well, sir." He was about to turn away, but Mr. Holman made a gesture, and said: "I want to present you to my daughter, who is to be with us throughout. Genie, this is Mr. Worth, my first mate."

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Worth," said Genie, meeting his frank, open glance fully. For a moment she looked, and hesitated slightly, after which she stepped forward and extended her hand, saying: "You are a navigator, and I shall make you and dad teach me navigation. Between you, you should be able to spare sufficient time from your duties to teach me, and then I might be able to render considerable assistance, in case you should both get sick, for I could navigate the ship till you were well again."

"I shall be glad to spare you as much time as possible," said Worth, in a calm, matter-of-fact voice. "It will give you something to think about, and by the time we have wintered in the ice, we will need to have something to occupy our minds with, likely."

"That is true," said Mr. Holman. "Mr. Worth has been on one voyage to the Arctic, Genie, so knows what he is talking about."

"I shall be glad to learn navigation," said Genie. "Thanks for your kindness, Mr. Worth. When dad is too busy to bother with me, I'll have you teach me."

"I shall be glad to give you the benefit of all that I know about navigation, Miss Holman," was the reply, and touching his hat, the first mate went back to his post.

"I think I have secured a valuable man in Mr. Worth," said the captain, as the mate walked away.

"Yes," said Genie, after a few moments, "I believe you have." Then she gazed thoughtfully ahead, toward the south. Perhaps in imagination she saw the Great South Barrier, and was climbing it. And if in her imagination side by side with her in the ascent there was a bronzed, brown-eyed man, she did not say as much, even to herself. Her father spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear, and presently, with a half-sigh she said: "I guess I'll go to my room, now, dad."

"Very well, Genie, do so," was the reply. "It will do you good to sit down and rest awhile, after the excitement of starting. You are not sorry that you have come?"

A swift smile lit up the girl's face. "No, dad," she said, "I'm not sorry, but glad—very glad."

CHAPTER III.
MAID AND MATE.

Eugenia went to her stateroom and sat down on the edge of the cot and looked about her, and then at the wall. She seemed in a sort of study, and presently she breathed another half-sigh and reaching up, took down her violin case, opened it and drew forth the violin and bow. Placing the violin under her chin, she drew the bow across the strings and began playing. She had lots of music handy, but did not play any of it; instead she improvised, playing first in a dreamy sort of manner, and gradually increasing in power, volume and tone till the sound of the instrument was heard almost the full length of the deck.

The first mate started as the notes first fell upon his hearing, and he half-turned, so as to listen, while the sailors at various points on the deck also stopped their work to turn and listen. The music, as it came to their hearing, was something finer than any of them had ever listened to, with the possible exception of Worth, the mate. That he was a music-lover and had undoubtedly heard good music, would have been evident to the observer, for there was a peculiar expression in his eyes and on his face, a sort of enthusiasm, such as could only be born of the love of music.

He stood there, motionless, till the music ceased, and then with a sort of sigh, he turned toward the sailors, and when he observed their positions of intent listening, instead of reprimanding them, he smiled faintly, and then motioned for them to resume their work, which they did, with a new something born in their own hearts, rough fellows though most of them were, something born, partly by the wonderful music they had listened to, and partly by the attitude of their first mate toward them, when they had been derelict in their duty, which on shipboard would be considered, as a rule, unwarranted, for the discipline is much more rigid than among workmen on land.

Worth, turning slowly, moved toward the stern of the vessel, walking slowly and seemingly taking cognizance of the work the men were doing, but there was a look on his face that showed he was thinking. Standing presently at the stern rail, he looked back toward the city, and was there for some time, gazing, an absent-minded expression on his face and in his eyes. Then he turned and again walked toward the bow, and as he reached the door of the cabin, it opened and Eugenia came forth. She nodded and smiled, when she saw the mate, who doffed his hat and bowed in return, but with only a faint smile in return.

"I like it on deck," said Genie. "I am an out-of-doors girl, and have always gone in for athletics. I'm quite an expert at tennis, and was the mainstay of our class at basket-ball, and used to take walks of several miles every day, so you will probably be bothered with me a great deal, Mr. Worth. I will likely be tagging you around, trying to learn all that you know, not only about navigation, but about the entire management of the ship. I hope you won't get tired of me."

"No danger of that, Miss Holman," was the reply. "I am a great deal like your father in this respect, that I am very glad you have come, for it will make the confinement much less irksome. I think it will go a great way toward making the expedition a success."

Eugenia turned her head and looked at the mate quickly, a questioning expression on her face and in her eyes. But he was looking toward the shore, his head turned away, and she could not see his expression fully. She wondered if he meant what he said, or—surely he was not making fun of her! The thought, somehow, gave her, first a feeling of anger and resentment, and then this feeling was succeeded by a sort of sinking of the heart, almost unexplainable, excepting that it might have been occasioned by the half-fear that he was making fun of her. But that, she quickly reasoned, should only have made her angry. Well, she could not analyze the feeling, so she said: "In what way would I be likely to contribute to the success of the expedition, Mr. Worth? Father, at first thought, said I would be likely to be a drawback."

Worth turned his face toward her, and glanced into her eyes, and then quietly and calmly glanced at her, from head to foot, after which he remarked, in a matter-of-fact voice: "Your father thought you could not endure the confinement on shipboard and the exposure: that was the reason he feared you would be a drawback. But you have a magnificent physique, and you have yourself just said that you have always gone in for athletics, which makes for health, and as you are strong and healthy, you will be able to stand the confinement and exposure as well as the rest of us. That part of it is all right, and that being the case, the presence of a woman is an encouragement, an incentive to endurance, to good humor, to discipline, happiness and contentment. And all these go toward the making of a success of an undertaking such as this one."

Eugenia stood still—they having stopped near the bow—looking into the eyes of the speaker. Her lips were slightly parted, and she seemed weighing while listening, and too, there was a slightly puzzled look on her face, with a mingling of hope, though she probably did not realize this, and would not have let the expression show had she known it. She hoped that he was in earnest, that he meant what he said. Somehow, she realized that it would make a hurt if she were to find that he did not mean what he said.

She stood there, looking at him for a few moments, and then she said: "When I first made up my mind to come on the expedition with my father, I thought only of the enjoyment and pleasure I would get out of it; in fact, that has been my thought up to the present moment, when your words have given me a new idea, and I must say, Mr. Worth, that I am glad you have said what you have. I am glad to know that I can render assistance in making the expedition a success. I begin to see," and she paused to laugh a few moments, in a low, musical fashion, "that women may be of some use in the world, after all."

Worth glanced quickly into the girl's eyes, a keen, searching glance it was, and then he asked: "Had you any doubt of that fact, Miss Holman?"

Again Genie laughed, but there was not much music in her voice, this time. "I don't think I shall answer that question, Mr. Worth," she said. She paused, and looked away, and then went on, speaking quickly: "If I were to answer, I should tell you the truth, and give you my real views, but—I haven't got the matter settled in my own mind, as yet."

Worth laughed, his voice being almost as musical as Genie's. "I see you are a woman with broad mind and original ideas," he said. "But, I answered my own question, awhile ago, when I told you that you would aid in making this expedition a success. The world would be a dreary place without women."

Genie bit her lip, and looked at her companion, as if trying to decide what manner of man he was. He impressed her as being indifferent to women, almost a woman-hater, in fact, and yet here he was, telling her that the world would be a dreary place without women, was in fact, almost defending women against one of their own sex. Mr. Worth, first mate, was a puzzle to Genie, and, well—women, or most women, at least, like to work puzzles. And it is doubtful if Genie Holman was any exception to the rule.

They stood near the bow, talking for quite awhile. Genie did not think about having played the violin awhile before, and so when Worth made no remark about having heard the music, it did not occur to her. He thought of it, however, but did not speak of the matter for some reason of his own. Possibly he thought that if he were to do so, she might not play again soon.

Presently she saw her father standing near the cabin, and excusing herself, left the mate's side and joined Mr. Holman.

"Been taking a lesson in navigation, Genie?" said her father, with a smile.

Genie laughed, a low, rippling laugh, such as her father did not remember ever having heard from her lips, and then she said: "Yes, dad, in a way. Mr. Worth will prove to be a pretty good teacher, I think." She seemed to be amused, but began asking her father questions about the trip, so he did not think anything more about her new manner.

Mr. Holman was an enthusiast, and he was glad to talk of the expedition. He felt that the more he talked of it, the more likely he would be to find weaknesses in his proposed plans. His daughter might think of something that could be improved, some weakness in the plan, and a suggestion might aid in making of the expedition a success.

They talked till luncheon time, and then went into the cabin, to the dining-room, where they were served by the one steward, who placed a tempting luncheon on the table, of which they ate heartily, for both were healthy and had good appetites. Genie, if anything, ate more than her father, and kept pressing him to eat, even after he said he was satisfied.

"You must remember, dad," Genie said, "that you are bound on an expedition that is going to be trying on your strength and health, and you must eat heartily. Take your daughter as a model in that respect, and you will be all right. Really, dad, I'm glad to be here alone with you, where I can eat all I want. Honest, lots of times, when I've been with you in restaurants, I haven't eaten all I really wanted, because there were people around us who would have looked upon me as a gourmand. And, too, dad," she added, with a rippling laugh, "there might have been a prospective husband among the spectators, and I would have lost my chance, for he would have decided that he could never stand the expense of keeping me provided with food."

Mr. Holman laughed. "I'm glad you are enjoying yourself, Genie," he said. "And the more I think of it, the gladder I am that you are with me."

"We're alike in that. The more I think about it, the gladder I am that I am with you, dad." Genie did not laugh when she said this. She seemed to be in sober earnest.

The first mate, strolling aft, on the other side of the cabin, heard what Genie said, and if the more he thought of it, the gladder he was that Genie was a member of the expedition, his face showed no sign of it. He seemed to be thinking only of his work, to have his mind on the business of overseeing the sailors, who were engaged in various tasks about the deck.

A few minutes later the second mate came on deck, and took charge, and the first mate went to the officers' diningroom and ate luncheon. That he was healthy and hearty, and a believer in keeping up his strength was evidenced by the amount that he ate. In this respect, too, as well as in navigation and other matters pertaining to the management of ships, he seemed well qualified to earn the admiration and regards of Eugenia.

CHAPTER IV.
A MOONLIGHT EVENING.

Southward sailed the exploring steamship, Ice Queen. The weather was fine, and to Eugenia the trip was an unending and continual delight. She put in the greater portion of her time on deck, during the day, and often stayed on deck till ten o'clock or later, when the moon was shining, for the nights were cooler than the days, and it was a physical luxury to sit on deck, feeling the balmy south wind fan her cheeks.

The first and second mates, Worth and Ralston, took turns at having command of the deck, and as Worth's evening watch was from six till ten, it gave her his companionship of evenings, instead of Ralston. And that this did not suit the second mate any one who was a close observer might have discovered, for he was a man that was not very good at disguising his feelings, though of course he did not give expression to them to any greater extent than he could help, for as yet he was scarcely more than on a speaking acquaintance footing with Eugenia. The first mate had made greater progress, owing to the fact that he was assisting Mr. Holman in the work of teaching Genie navigation. And Genie was in earnest about being taught and was learning rapidly. The mate told her that she was doing splendidly, and that she would complete her course and get her diploma in a much shorter time than had been the case with himself.

"You are very kind," said Genie, one evening as Worth made some such remark to her. "I have you to thank for my rapid progress, for dad has so many things to think about, and is so busy most of the time, figuring on the best manner of making a success of the expedition, that but for you I should not have been able to learn navigation nearly so quickly. I want to be able to command a vessel, for I have about made up my mind to be the commander of a ship for a few years, at least, and go everywhere about the world. I have a desire to see the world, and that would be as good a way to achieve my wishes as any."

"I have seen one or two women commanders," said Worth, after a few moments. "In fact," he went on, "I sailed one cruise with a woman commander, in a sailing vessel, too, and I must say that the woman in question was a capable commander, was in fact about the best and ablest seaman that I have ever seen."

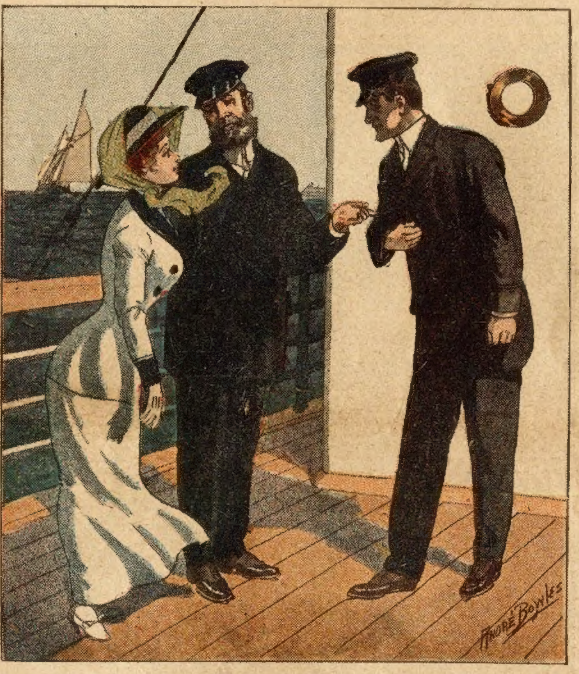
"That is interesting," said Genie, looking at the speaker. "Was she young, old, maid or a widow? Or, why was she the commander of a ship?"

"Her husband was lost on an expedition in the Arctic," was the reply. "And in fact it was her story of her husband's adventures as an Arctic sailor that caused me to try a trip up in that region."

"Ah," said Genie. She was silent a few moments, and then went on: "Is she still commander of a ship, and sailing on the ocean."

"I judge so, Miss Holman. She was, the last I knew of her."

"How came you to quit her ship?" asked Genie. She was now on pretty good terms with the mate, and treated him as a sort of comrade. In fact, something about him caused her to assume this attitude toward him. He was one of the most peculiar men she had ever known. He was very pleasant and respectful, but was so utterly matter-of-fact, so at ease in her company that she found herself sitting beside him, talking as if he were a brother, and when he was teaching her navigation, she would find herself close beside him, listening to his explanations, and without any feeling of constraint, yet with a sense of satisfaction and contentment. So now she asked him why he had quit the ship, which was in the nature of a personal question, yet she seemed to feel that she had a perfect right to ask him, and that she had a right to expect an answer.



"Genie, this is Mr. Worth."

She looked at him, and saw that he was gazing away across the ocean, to where the moon shone in a bright streak on the water, and for a few moments he made no reply. Then he said, with a peculiar little laugh, the first to which she had heard him give utterance: "The reason I quit the ship, Miss Holman, was because I aspired to the captaincy, and she was not willing to relinquish it."

Genie drew a quick, short breath, and a startled look came into her eyes. "You mean," she said, after a few moments, "that—that you——"

"Yes," he said, in a low, quiet voice. "She was a beautiful woman, Miss Holman, and the best woman I ever knew. She said she would never marry again."

There was a sadness in the tone, greater perhaps than the man realized, and for a few moments Genie sat there, motionless and silent. She, too, was now gazing across the waters, and what she was thinking of will always remain a mystery. Worth did not seem to notice her! his gaze was still on the streak of moonlight. And perhaps he saw a face, the face of the woman commander he had told Genie about. He started, when the girl presently said: "But, why did you quit the ship? I wouldn't have done so, if I had been you. I would have stayed, and perhaps you might have gotten her to change her mind. Women have been known to do that way, you know."

"She wouldn't have changed her mind," was the reply; "and—well, I'm peculiar in some things, Miss Holman. If I had stayed, it would have been a contest between us, for—I couldn't have stayed on shipboard with her without having her. So I left the ship."

This was said in a calm, quiet voice, but there was an undercurrent of feeling, of strength, of deep passion, perhaps, that was felt by Genie, and she felt a peculiar thrill of she knew not what. She waited a few moments, and then laughed in a sort of forced manner and said: "Dear me, Mr. Worth, from your own statement, you must be at heart a kind of piratical sort of man. If—if you were to take a liking to me, now, a strong one, such as you felt for—for the captain woman you have spoken of, I suppose you would have me, whether or no—or else quit the ship."

"Yes," was the simple reply. "We couldn't sail together, separate, if ever I were to take as great a liking to you as the liking I had for Mrs. —— the woman I have told you about."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Genie said, in a calm, even voice: "Well, there is no danger of your having to quit the ship on my account, Mr. Worth. I am a woman, and can see that you will never care for any one but the woman you speak of."

Worth, on his part, was silent for a moment or two, and then he said, in a sort of reflective manner: "Do you know, Miss Holman, I'm not so sure about that."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Worth," said Genie, quickly, "you mustn't shatter my ideal of what a man should be, in the way of constancy, in such manner as that. She was you have told me, the best woman you ever knew, and——"

"She was the best woman that I ever knew, up to the time that I quit the ship," interrupted Worth. "She may be just as good as she ever was, undoubtedly is, but that was two years ago, and I've seen a number of good and beautiful women since."

"But you haven't taken any great liking to any of them," said Genie. "You won't do so, I am sure."

"Perhaps not. I can't say. You may be right, and then again you may not."

Genie was silent quite awhile, and then she turned toward Worth, and drew slightly closer to him. "If I were like most women," she said, quietly, "I might try to get you to take a liking to me, but I am, like yourself, peculiar, and being different from most of the women I have known, I shall, instead of trying to get you to take a liking to me, say to you that I am not going to let you do so, even if you were a mind to, for we are companions on an important expedition in search of the South Pole, are comrades, in fact, and that is the position we shall hold toward each other—that of comrades, for I, like the captain woman you spoke of, shall never marry. You know, I told you awhile ago that it is my desire and ambition to go everywhere about the world, and be captain of my own vessel. So we are to be the best of friends and comrades, that is all, and to make it less formal between us, I want you to call me Genie. And I'm going to call you Dick. Dad said your name is Richard. Is this arrangement satisfactory to you?"

Genie laid her hand on Worth's arm, and bent over till her face was within a few inches of his, and looked up into his eyes, while awaiting his answer.

Worth had turned his head toward her, and he gazed into her eyes in return, for a few moments, a sort of wondering look in his own eyes. He hesitated, and then placing his left hand on the girl's hand that rested on his arm, he lifted it quickly, drew the hand toward him, squeezing it tightly as he did so—so tightly in fact, as to cause Genie to give utterance to an involuntary gasp, and to her surprise he pressed her hand against his heart, and held it there a few moments, then gently released it, after which he said, with a laugh, which had somehow a joyous ring in it, very different from the laugh of a few moments before: "Comrades it is, Genie." Again he laughed again in a mirthful, musical manner, and went on: "Genie. Do you know, I think that is the prettiest name I have ever known?"

"Is—is that—so?" murmured Genie, half-dazedly. "I—I'm—glad you like it."

A few moments later Worth had to go to attend to something at another point on the deck, and Genie bade him goodnight and went to her stateroom. In her room, after turning on the light, she looked thoughtfully at the wall, then at her hand, feeling of the fingers separately, making a little grimace as she did so, and then uttered a low, musical laugh, undressed and was soon in bed. How soon she was asleep, I cannot say.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

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"In 1890 I began to drink coffee.

"At that time I was healthy and enjoyed life. At first I noticed no bad effects from the indulgence but in course of time found that various troubles were coming upon me.

"Palpitation of the heart took unto itself sick and nervous headaches, kidney troubles followed and eventually my stomach became so deranged that even a light meal caused me serious distress.

"Our physician's prescriptions failed to help me and then I dosed myself with patent medicines till I was thoroughly disgusted and hopeless.

"Finally I began to suspect that coffee was the cause of my troubles. I experimented by leaving it off, except for one small cup at breakfast. This helped some but did not altogether relieve my distress. It satisfied me, however, that I was on the right track.

"So I gave up coffee altogether and began to use Postum. In ten days I found myself greatly improved, my nerves steady, my head clear, my kidneys working better and better, my heart's action rapidly improving, my appetite improved and the ability to eat a hearty meal without subsequent suffering restored to me. And this condition remains.

"Leaving off coffee and using Postum did this, with no help from drugs, as I abandoned the use of medicines when I began to use the food drink." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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* * *

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Belle—I'm glad to hear that, for Jack has proposed to me.

Nell—What! Oh, the horrid, deceitful wretch! Just you wait till I see him.

* * *

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The Comforter.

Anxious Old Lady—I say, my good man, is this boat going up, or down?

Deck Hand—Well, she's a leaky old tub, mum, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. But, then, again, her b'ilers ain't none too good, so she might go up!

* * *

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The Ghost of the Abbey;

Or, THE HAUNTED TOWER

By Granville Osborne

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CHAPTER V.

AN' SO all us sarvants has high jinks tonight, mavourneen?" remarked Barry to Ada, Miss St. Quentin's maid, the following morning, as he was waiting in the vicinity of the kitchen for his master's shaving water. "Yes, Mr. Barry, missis always lets us have a ball every Boxing Day. A fine time we have too, I can tell you! Why, we look forward to it all the year!" replied the girl, with sparkling eyes.

"Faix, an' I shall be looking forward all the blessed day to the pleasure of dancing wid ye, me darlin'!" quoth Barry, gazing sentimentally at his pretty companion.

"How do you know I am going to dance with you at all?" asked the girl pertly.

"Sure an' ye wouldnt be so cruel as to let me die of a broken heart?" replied the young Irishman plaintively.

"Broken heart, indeed! You'd soon console yourself with another young lady!" remarked Ada with a toss of her head.

"'Deed and indeed it's wretched I'd be the whole evening," declared Barry. "Don't ye know that ye've been and stole me heart entoirely, ye little witch?" he added, stealing his arm round her slim waist.

"None of your blarney now, Mr. Barry!" retorted Ada, struggling from his embrace.

"'Adone now! The idea! I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself—you and I have only known each other two days!"

"Faix, I feel as if I had known ye two years, me jewel!" said Barry tenderly. "Strikes me ye an' I will have to make a match of it some day."

"Oh, now you talk! As if I'd marry a flirt like you!" giggled the girl, but looking by no means displeased at the young man's suggestion.

"Talking of matrimony, I'm thinking it would be a proper set-out if me master and yer young lady an' ye an' me made a match of it all round. They could reside ere comfortable-like, and give us one of him nate little lodges to live in, and we ould all be as happy as a lot of turtleoves," remarked Barry thoughtfully.

"How queer that you should say that—about Miss Myrene and your master, I mean. Because I happen to know that it is Miss St. Quentin's dearest wish that my young mistress should marry her cousin. You see, the old lady is going to leave him the Abbey, he being the son of her favorite sister," explained Ada.

"Isn't that rather unfair to yer young lady and her brother?" questioned Barry.

"Oh, no! Miss Myrene has plenty of money of her own; and as for her brother, Sir Thomas, why he does not want the Abbey. He's a baronet, you know, with a large estate of his own," continued the girl, pleased at having so appreciative a listener.

"Ah, that alters the look of the case, as the burglar said when he'd stole the jewels! But the point is this, do ye think Miss Myrene would have my master for better or for worse?"

"I'm sure she would. Why she asked me only this morning if I didn't think he was the handsomest young man I'd ever seen!"

"An' what did ye say?" inquired Barry eagerly.

"I said I'd seen a handsomer," replied Ada, blushing.

"An' who may he be? Bad 'cess to the spalpeen!" demanded Barry jealously.

"I ain't a-going to tell you," replied the young lady coyly.

"Och, then I'll blow his brains out!" said her companion cheerfully.

"Why, you silly fellow, as if you did not know who I meant! Now don't Mr. Barry! Let me go! The housekeeper will be coming out in a moment, and I'd die of shame if she saw you behaving so shockingly."

For the audacious Irishman had caught the blushing girl in his arms, and despite her struggles, had managed to imprint several loud kisses upon her rosy lips.

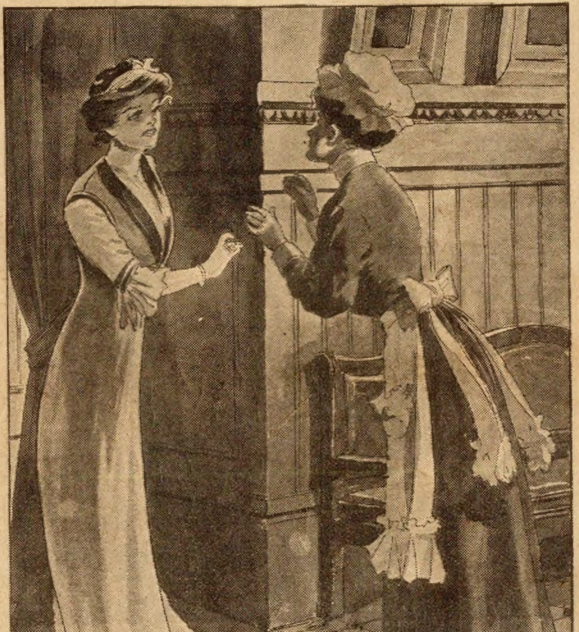
A picturesque scene presented itself to Denis O'Hara when, with Miss Lucinda upon his arm he entered the servants' hall that evening. The enormous dark-paneled room, with its high mantelpiece and capacious chimney-corner, was decorated profusely with holly and evergreens, whilst from a great oaken beam in the center of the ceiling hung a huge branch of pearly mistletoe. At one end of the room was a raised dais covered with red cloth, upon which, seated beneath an arch of greenery, was collected the small village band, consisting of fiddlers, cornet and cello players, and a ruddy-faced drummer who was evidently delighted with his own importance.

A yule-log, of such vast dimensions that it must have taken several men to drag it into the house, crackled and spluttered merrily on the hearth, whilst dozens of lamps and candles, placed high out of harm's way, illuminated the apartment and lighted up the cheerful faces of the merrymakers.

Most of the guests had already arrived and were standing gazing with open-mouthed wonder at the pretty decorations, whilst Myrene was flitting from one to another with kindly greeting, and saying the right thing to all.

"Am I to be favored with a dance?" asked Denis eagerly, his eyes resting admiringly on the girl's bright, animated face, and his heart beating a little quicker at the blissful thought of holding her graceful form in his arms.

"Not yet, I am afraid. I have a great many duty dances to fulfil first. You see, I should mortally offend the butler if I did not open the ball with him, whilst you will be expected to lead out the portly housekeeper," explained Myrene in a low voice. "I fear you will find her otherwise than fairylike, but the ordeal won't last long, and then you can dance with all the pretty maids to your heart's content," she added with an arch smile.



"Your pearls!"

"I should require a greater inducement than that," said Denis, with a meaning glance at his companion. "By the way, who is that queer-looking girl over there, with the white face and weird, black eyes?" he added, indicating a tall young woman who was standing awkwardly by herself in a corner of the ballroom.

Myrene followed the direction of his eyes. "That? Oh, that is Thomasina Pedder, the daughter of Jan Pedder, of whom I told you the other night! Don't you admire her? Some people think that she is rather handsome."

"No, I cannot say that I do; she has such a sullen expression," remarked Denis carelessly.

"Yes, poor girl, I fear she has enough to make her unhappy with that father of hers, and such a wretched home. She has few friends too, for all the village girls avoid her," said Myrene pityingly.

"Her taste in dress is somewhat peculiar, to say the least of it," remarked Denis dryly.

"Yes, she is always dressed far above her station, and in such fantastic style, too. I cannot think where the money comes from; for, although she makes her own things, the material is not to be had for nothing. If I wear a new gown in church one Sunday I am sure to see a cheaper edition of it on Thomasina Pedder the following one," said Myrene, with a smile.

"She is wearing your pearl necklace, too—in a cheaper edition," remarked Denis in an amused tone.

"Yes, it is too bad to have it copied in glass beads," declared the girl plaintively.

"Your pearls are very beautiful," said the young man, his eyes resting admiringly upon his companion's slim, white throat. "They are valuable too, I presume."

"Yes, I believe they are worth several hundred pounds, but I value them more as a family heirloom, and should be dreadfully unhappy if they were lost or stolen. You see, one cannot help being nervous when so many robberies are taking place."

"There have been burglaries in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, quite an epidemic. Every house worth robbing here has been visited in turn. I live in fear lest the Abbey should follow suit."

"You should keep your jewels at the bank," suggested the young man gravely.

"I know it would be wiser, but then I like to wear them occasionally," said Myrene. "Besides, after all, it would be a clever thief to guess their hiding-place," she added, with a laugh.

"You arouse my curiosity," remarked Denis smilingly.

"Well, I will satisfy it if you like, for there is no harm in your knowing, Cousin Michael. My hiding-place is the chimney in a cobwebby, disused bedroom in the haunted wing, where no burglar would think of looking," explained the girl in a low voice.

"A capital place to be sure!" agreed the other. Then, as Myrene was hurriedly called away to fulfil her various duties as hostess, the young man sauntered towards the dignified housekeeper

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and led her forth, to the envy of all her acquaintances, and quite won the hearts of all the elderly ladies present by the gallant manner in which he singled them out in preference to the younger and more attractive members of their sex. Denis felt that he cared little with whom he danced whilst Myrene was unavailable. At length he reaped his reward and a delicious waltz with the popular young hostess amply repaid him for having his toes trodden on by former incompetent partners.

"What an excellent idea this is that of giving so much pleasure to one's dependents!" remarked Denis, when at the conclusion of their dance Myrene and he were sitting watching the almost breathless couples as they strolled up and down the now slippery floor or crowded round the well-stocked buffet.

"Yes, it has been the custom of the family to give a servants' ball on Boxing Day from time immemorial. I hope that when the Abbey comes into your possession you will not depart from the good old custom?" said the girl tentatively.

"I should consider the man a mean cur who did such a thing," said Denis evasively.

"I am glad to hear you express sentiments like that. I think all old traditions should be kept up if possible. Well, I am thankful that the dear old Abbey—the happy home of my childhood—will not fall into the hands of a Goth."

"You do not consider me one, then?" asked Denis, smiling.

"No, indeed, I am sure you will love the old place as much as I do when you know it better. As for myself, I shall be heartbroken when dear auntie is taken from us and I have to live with my brother and his wife," she said, with a sigh.

"You should never leave the Abbey at all if I could help it," declared Denis in a low, meaning tone, his eyes fixed intently upon is companion.

The girl blushed rosily.

"Your wife might not quite approve of that arrangement," she said, at length, with a faint smile.

"My wife? Ah, Myrene, you know that you have gotten my heart, and that I could make no other woman my wife now!" he said passionately. Then, suddenly realizing what a miserable ingrate he was and how little right he had to speak of love to this sweet girl, he continued hoarsely. "But I must not speak to you thus. Forget what I have said, and forgive me for having so far forgotten myself."

"Supposing that I do not wish to forget?" murmured Myrene shyly and with downcast eyes.

"Do not tempt me beyond my endurance!" he muttered thickly. "If you only knew all you would despise me and hold me in aversion."

"If I only knew all what?" inquired the girl in surprise.

"You will know soon enough. I assure you that I am a coward—a moral coward—a creature to be shunned and despised."

"I could never despise you whatever you had done," said Myrene gently.

"Ah, you are an angel!" he began vehemently, then suddenly paused abruptly, looking at his companion in amazed inquiry.

Above the lively strains of music, the gay ripple of laughter, and the murmur of many voices there rose a sound unmistakable from all others—the booming of a gun echoing again and again across the Valley of the Rocks!

CHAPTER VI.

"For Heaven's sake tell me what is that?" asked Denis, as with ghastly face and trembling limbs the girl arose from her seat.

"A wreck!" she gasped faintly. "Heaven help the poor creatures on such a night as this!" Then as the young man turned his head, he saw that the guests, their gay laughter hushed, their bright cheeks pallid, were already hurrying from the room. All except himself knew the prophetic meaning of the gun and had realized that some doomed ship must be on the cruel rocks.

Cloaks and wraps were hurriedly seized upon, horses were hastily harnessed into carts and other conveyances, and in an incredibly short time the ballroom presented a most deserted and desolate appearance.

Myrene quickly ascended to her room, where she changed her thin dancing shoes for a thick pair of boots, then enveloping herself in a long, warm cloak, the hood of which she drew over her head, she made her way, attended by her maid, Ada, to Lyndale without further delay.

Upon their arrival they found the whole village pouring down the little street which led to the sea.

Willing hands were working for very life as the doors of the lifeboat house were thrown open and the great white boat was brought forth. No need for horses when strong hands were eager to take their share. With almost superhuman strength the boat was soon brought to the beach beside the old Rhenish tower. Then followed the casting aside of coats and hats, whilst, in their stead, cork jackets and red caps were hastily donned.

As Myrene fought her way to the scene of action she caught sight of Denis followed closely by Barry, hurrying down to the beach.

She saw the former tear off his long great coat and one of the men fasten a cork jacket around him and even above the roar of the storm she could hear the cheer that arose as the two young men took their places in the boat.

"Heaven bless them! Heaven bless the young Squire!" was murmured on every side, and, overcome with emotion, Myrene turned away her head.

As she did so the girl perceived the tall figure of a man standing in a doorway, protected from the boisterous elements, and watching the proceedings with a somewhat cynical expression on his dark face. He was a total stranger to Myrene and she presumed him to be a guest at one of the hotels, although a vistor was somewhat of an anomaly at that season of the year.

"What are they waiting for? Why do they not put off?" he inquired of the girl, but before she could answer an old farmer cried:

"For another hand they are short one! Here, man, thou art strong and able! Do 'ee go to the boat, for Heaven's sake!"

The stranger shook his head resolutely.

"Not I!" he said, with a shrug of his heavy shoulders. "Why should I be called upon to risk my life for people of whom I knew nothing and for whom I care less?"

As Myrene heard these cowardly words a deep sense of contempt stole over her and she felt ashamed to think that they had been uttered by a compatriot of hers, shame that was still more complete when a hale old son of Devonshire, a man well past three-score years, stepped forward, and with his hoary locks tossing hither and thither in the wind, quickly joined his comrades, who had already taken their seats in the boat.

"Silly old fool to tempt Providence like that—don't you think so?" remarked the stranger, addressing Myrene, and accompanying his remark with an insolent look of admiration.

The girl turned away in indignation, feeling that so contemptible a creature was beneath her notice, and her eyes strained towards the boiling sea, whither the lifeboat, now scarcely discernible, was riding heavily upon the crest of the waves. It was too dark to see the hapless victim of the storm, and it was only by the guns of distress she frequently fired that her whereabouts was known to her gallant would-be rescuers.

Meanwhile Myrene and Ada had crept into the doorway of a fisherman's cottage, where, although they were already drenched with spray, they were at least sheltered from the bitter east wind and heavy rain. The girls were for the most part silent, each feeling too thoroughly miserable at the tragic termination to their happy evening to wish to converse much.

To Myrene the moments which followed were full of real agony. She could only think of one brave young hero—her hero—who had so willingly and without hesitation gone forth to "lay down his life for his friends," notwithstanding that those same "friends" were utter strangers.

All the events of the past few days crowded into her brain—her cousin's strange arrival and the compassion his helpless condition had first excited in her; then the delight of finding him to be so different from what she had previously imagined. Instead of the bragging, rather uneducated prig his letters had suggested, he was in reality a cultured, high-minded gentleman and a pleasant companion.

How kind and gentle he was with Aunt Lucinda, too! The girl recalled many instances when, instead of laughing at the old lady's idiosyncrasies, he had listened patiently to her prosy reminiscences and paid her the hundred and one small attentions so dear to the hearts of maiden ladies.

Now, perhaps, she would never see him again—this gallant young Irishman with the handsome face and serious eyes—and a great thrill of pain shot through her heart at the bare idea.

A faint cheer from the crowd on the quay presently recalled the girl to herself, and, gazing seaward, she saw by the bright light momentarily emitted by a rocket that the lifeboat was alongside the doomed vessel. Then all was darkness as before, with nothing to be heard save the howling of the tempest and the occasional hissing of a rocket from the beach.

"This is intolerable!" muttered Myrene at length. "Come away, Ada! I shall go mad if I remain here inactive! Let us go to Mrs. Rawles' cottage and help her to make some hot tea for the poor shipwrecked people. There may be women amongst them, and perhaps some little children."

This occupation served to pass the time until the welcome intelligence came that the lifeboat was returning to the shore, whereupon the girls quickly made their way to the waterside once more, and Myrene pushed through the excited crowd so as to be close at hand when the men landed.

The boat was packed from stem to stern with shivering humanity, and a sigh of relief arose when it was seen that she had safely achieved her mission of salvation. The boat grated upon the shingle, and the task of landing, with the help of many willing hands, was quickly accomplished.

Myrene saw Denis scramble to the shore where he stood for a moment, an erect and noble figure in his dripping clothes, and submitted with evident embarrassment to having his hand wrung again and again by enthusiastic villagers. Then, suddenly casting aside the cumbersome cork jacket, he broke away from his admirers and quickly mounted the quay, where he caught sight of the girl's white, eager face.

"Myrene! You! Out on a night like this?" he exclaimed.

Somewhat to his surprise the girl tottered forward, muttering hysterically—

"Thank Heaven you are safe!"

"You were frightened, darling? Oh, Heaven, is it possible that you would have cared had I lost my life out yonder?" he whispered hoarsely, his arms involuntarily stealing round her with protecting tenderness.

"Horribly frightened! Oh, Michael, dear, you told me a few hours ago that I had stolen your heart! Don't you know—cannot you see that I love you also?" she murmured, laying her hand upon his wet shoulder. In the light of this sweet confession what could the sorely-tempted young man do but strain her to his breast and shower burning kisses upon her unresisting lips?

The drive home in the closed carriage which the alarmed Miss St. Quentin had sent to fetch Myrene was one of perfect bliss to the happy lovers, as Denis, forgetting everything except that he loved his beautiful companion madly and passionately, gave himself up to the unreasoning, delirious joy of his fool's paradise,

They decided not to inform Aunt Lucinda of their engagement until the following day, as the latter was tired and upset with the unwonted excitement of the evening.

Myrene, who knew what happiness the announcement would bring to her aunt, was longing to confide her delightful secret into sympathetic ears, but the thought of further deceiving his kind hostess filled her lover with remorse.

When at length the young man bade his fiancee good night he was naturally somewhat exhausted with the stirring events of the evening. He therefore soon fell into a dreamless sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused by hearing a slight noise in the room.

In a moment the young man was wide-awake, and an uncomfortable feeling that he was not alone took possession of him. He raised his head and listened attentively. Perhaps it was Barry coming again to claim protection from "spirits." Absorbed in his newly-found happiness, he had forgotten to offer his faithful companion a shakedown in his room. A few moments later, however, he was dismayed to see a tall figure glide between the bed and the door.

The fire was nearly out, but by its dying embers he could distinctly distinguish the figure and face of the intruder, which to his horror were like nothing he had ever seen before. The creature resembled, as Barry had said, a skeleton enveloped in a white shroud-like garment. Its dreadful grinning face was turned fully upon the young man, who saw, with a strange mixture of curiosity and fear, that the eye-sockets, instead of being empty and in character with the rest of the face, were inhabited by a pair of awful, gleaming eyes.

Denis had laughed at Barry for allowing the so-called ghost to frighten him, and had believed the apparition to be nothing more alarming than one of the servants playing a trick upon the young Irishman, but now, as he gazed with strange fascination upon the unwelcome visitant, he felt, brave as he was, a most uncomfortable sensation creeping over him.

Suddenly the figure advanced slowly to the bedside and before Denis could realize its intention the creature laid a hard, bony claw upon his arm with painful pressure. In a moment the spell, as it were, seemed broken, and with a cry of pain and anger the young man sprang out of bed and sought to grapple with the appalling, uncanny visitor.

To his amazement and horror his arms closed round nothing or the apparition, as by a supernatural agency, instantly eluded his grasp, glided toward the fireplace, and the next moment Denis found himself alone.

With trembling hands he struck a match and lighted the candles on the mantelpiece. He then proceeded, somewhat nervously, it must be confessed, to investigate every nook and corner in the room; but no sign of the recent visitor could he find.

Perhaps, after all, it had departed in the prosaic manner by means of the door; and, inspired by this hope, Denis quickly turned the handle. But the door was still locked upon the inside, as he remembered having locked it before retiring for the night. How, then, could the creature have possibly escaped? The young man began to doubt the evidence of his own senses. Surely it had not been merely a vivid dream? A sharp twinge of pain in his arm contradicted this theory almost immediately, and, hastily turning up his sleeve, he saw to his horror three angry red marks, the impression of three bony fingers upon his wrist.

The candles gave too poor a light to allow a thorough examination of the wainscoting, so that Denis felt that the only thing to be done was to wait patiently for daylight before continuing the search.

That there was a secret exit from the room the young man made no doubt, and

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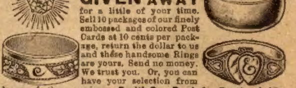

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he tried to console himself with the thought that the thing he had seen was merely flesh and blood.

Notwithstanding this assurance, he returned to bed in no very comfortable state of mind, for it was not pleasant to think that there was probably only a thin partition between him and the terrible presence with the claw-like hands and awful eyes; but, in spite of his fears, Denis was too exhausted to remain awake long, and presently the apparition, the lifeboat episode and even charming Myrene herself were alike forgotten in peaceful oblivion.

CHAPTER VII.

Thoroughly tired out with all he had gone through during the previous night, it was nearly midday before Denis awoke from dreams of a turbulent and varied nature. The first object upon which his eyes rested was Barry, who was standing by the bedside wearing an extremely woebegone expression of countenance.

"What's the matter now? More ghosts?" his master asked whimsically.

Barry treated the query with disdain, and replied:

"It's all up wid us, sir!"

"All up with us! What do you mean?" inquired Denis sharply.

"I mean that if we don't make a bolt for it immediately we shall be denounced as impostors in the very eyes o' thim young women as we loves so dearly," said Barry, dramatically.

"Good heavens! All is discovered?" exclaimed the young man, springing out of bed and commencing to dress hastily.

"All will be discovered!" corrected Barry gloomily. "Fortunately there is yet time for us to escape." Then after a painful pause, he continued, "It was like this, sir. I rode over to Lyndale the first thing this morning to inquire after the poor shipwrecked folk, an' on me way I meets a young fellow from one of the hotels a-coming out wid a letter for Miss St. Quentin which a gentleman had given him to bring. The man was naturally tired after last night's experience, an' knowing that I came from the Abbey an' was returning soon, he axed me to deliver the note so as to save him the long journey. In course I consents, for somehow or other I smells a rat, an' the moment his back was turned I carefully opens the letter an' reads its contents. Sure ye could 'ave knocked me down wid a feather! Who do you think it was from? No less a person than Mr. Michael Desmond hisself!" concluded the servant impressively.

"Merciful heavens!" ejaculated Denis in dismay.

"Yes, sir, the knowledge that he was so near at hand flattened me out at first. It seems that Mr. Desmond arrived at Lyndale last night, and hearing about the servant's ball and feeling tired like after his journey, he slept at a hotel instead of coming on straight to the Abbey," explained Barry breathlessly.

"What a providential circumstance! Nevertheless he may be here at any moment!" cried Denis distractedly.

"This note states that he will be over in time for luncheon, which I take it means about one o'clock," said the other as he produced the letter in question from his pocket.

Denis glanced at it hastily.

"Yes, there is no time to be lost," he muttered, as he tore the paper into a hundred fragments.

"If it had only not been so soon! If I could have had one more day's perfect happiness! But then, I was mad ever to permit myself to live in this fool's paradise! To think that I must leave her without a word, without one more glimpse of her sweet face! Oh, Barry, Barry, to what has your indiscreet conduct brought me!" groaned the young man despairingly.

"Don't Master Denis, darlin'! Sure, it cuts me to the heart to hear ye blaming me for all this! An' aren't I in the same fix as yerself? Won't it break me heart entoirely to leave that black-eyed little colleen forever?" said the Irishman in a tone that trembled with emotion.

"My poor Barry! How selfish I am to think only of my own trouble! It is as bad for you as for me! Come, let us decide what is best to be done, and that quickly"

"Well, yer honor, I proposes that we lave the house by way of that secret door—what the spirit used the other night—an' make our way immediately to the railway station. Fortunately we have thim bank-notes what the old lady gave ye for a Christmas box, so we can just journey comfortably down to Plymouth an' visit yer uncle as previously arranged," suggested Barry thoughtfully.

"I hate the idea of taking the money—I am nothing more nor less than a common thief!" declared Denis bitterly.

"Faith an' ye can pay it back some day—when ye've made yer fortune; but hurry up now, or we'll be meeting Mr. Michael Desmond on our way," urged Barry, who was carefully putting together all the various articles of clothing which had been lent to the master during his short sojourn.

"I must write a few lines to my darling; I cannot leave her without a word of farewell," muttered Denis hoarsely. "Put those things down, Barry," he added sharply. "We will only steal the articles that we are actually obliged to—the clothes we have on for instance."

"Best not to waste time writing billy-doos," grumbled the other, in whose breast the above rebuke rankled.

Without another word the young man sat down to the table and wrote a simple, manly letter to the girl he loved, in which he asked her forgiveness for the deception he had practiced. He told her that his love for her was no deception—that he loved her deeply and with the whole strength of his being—and implored her to be merciful and not think too hardly of one in whose heart her memory would be held sacred all his life long. This letter he signed with his own name and placed it in a conspicuous postion on the mantelpiece; then, motioning to Barry to follow him, he made his way quietly along the corridor and subsequently left the house.

When a little later Myrene, becoming anxious at her lover's non-appearance, sent Ada in search of Barry, the girl returned with the startling intelligence that neither of the young men was in the house. She moreover handed her mistress Denis' hastily written note.

The girl tore it open eagerly, but as she read its contents her face assumed an ashen hue and her hands trembled exceedingly.

"Is it bad news, miss?" inquired Ada anxiously, for the girl had been wondering why the valet had not paid her his usual attentions that morning.

Myrene controlled her agitation with an effort.

"I may as well tell you the contents of this letter, Ada, for you will all know the truth sooner or later," she began in a tremulous voice.

"The fact is we have been shamefully deceived, and Mr. Desmond is not my cousin after all! He and his servant are nothing more nor less than two adventurers. The real Mr. Desmond is at present at Lyndale and may arrive here at any moment."

The girl spoke calmly, but inwardly she felt absolutely crushed and broken-hearted at the shock of this unexpected discovery.

"I am sure you must be mistaken, miss," declared Ada indignantly. Mr. Desmond is far too brave a gentleman to do anything dishonorable—folks are talking of nothing but how he risked his life last night in that dreadful boat; and as for Mr. Barry—" Here words failed the pretty maid to express her opinion of the gallant Barry.

"Nevertheless, it appears to be true," said Myrene, with a sigh, "for he would scarcely have made such a confession in joke. Besides, now I come to think of it, there have been many little things which have hitherto puzzled me—slips in conversation he has made and his ignorance of family matters. It was cruel of him to deceive me; but, oh, Ada, his letter is so sad and repentant—and—I—I— love him dearly!"

Unable to restrain herself any longer, the girl flung herself, sobbing bitterly into the arms of her faithful maid.

"So do I, miss! Leastways, I don't mean Mr. Desmond, but that rascal, Barry, with his soft tongue and blarneying ways. Oh, what cruel deceivers men are, to be sure!" and Ada readily mingled her tears with those of her young mistress.

A few moments later a knock came at the door and one of the footmen entered the room.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but there is a —a person inquiring for you, giving the name of Desmond—Mr. Michael Desmond, he calls himself," said the man in a tone that clearly implied that he did not believe the stranger's statement.

"Yes, James, it is all right. I will see Mr. Desmond at once. Where have you shown him?" asked Myrene, controlling her voice with an effort.

"Into the library, miss."

When the servant had withdrawn the girl hastily dried her eyes and smoothed her hair; then, with beating heart, she made her way to interview the man who would expect to be welcomed as warmly as the Jacob who had come first and stolen as it were his birthright, and her love. For a moment the girl paused outside the library, then with trembling hand turned the handle and entered the room. A tall, well-built man, who was standing with his back towards the door, wheeled hastily round as she softly crossed the carpeted floor, and Myrene, to her dismay, found herself face to face with the cowardly stranger of the previous night.

CHAPTER VIII.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the man as Myrene entered the room. "If it isn't the venturesome young lady who was out last night watching the lifeboat!"

"And you are the cowardly stranger who allowed the white-haired old man to go in your stead!" retorted Myrene with blazing eyes.

"Oh, come now, why should I have risked my life? Besides, he probably knew more about the sea than I; moreover, I am a wretched sailor. I hope you are not going to let that little incident prejudice you against me? Have you no word of welcome for me, pretty Cousin Myrene?" he asked, holding out his hand and smiling in a would-be engaging manner.

The girl took the proffered hand limply, averting her face.

"I am glad to see you," she flattered rather untruthfully.

"Well, you don't look it! The fact is, I suppose I am too commonplace an individual to arouse your interest. I have not been shipwrecked, neither have I fallen fainting at your door. Ha! ha! you see, I have already heard of your foolishness in allowing yourself to be so easily imposed upon."

"The—the story is already known?" exclaimed Myrene in dismay.

"Yes, it is common village gossip. When I arrived at the hotel I naturally informed the proprietor who I was. You may imagine my astonishment when I found that he had doubted my word and informed me that Mr. Michael Desmond had already arrived. Not wishing to be thought an impostor, I showed him my papers and credentials, which thoroughly satisfied him. I suppose you do not doubt my identity," he asked, looking with amusement at the girl's white, troubled face.

"No, I am quite sure that you are my cousin," she replied in a low voice, and, thinking sadly of the confession she had in her possession.

"I hope you did not lose your heart to this gay deceiver?" said the man, with a searching gaze.

To her annoyance, the girl found herself blushing furiously.

"Why did you not come on straight here, instead of going to the hotel?" she asked evasively.

"Oh, because I heard that there was a servants' ball or something taking place! I have no patience with people who keep up those feudal customs, and I shall take good care to do away with all that sort of humbug when I am master here. Won't I make things hum!"

"You seem very positive that the Abbey will some day be yours," remarked Myrene dryly.

She was rapidly losing her temper with this odious Australian.

"Why, I thought it was a dead certainty that I am to have the place when the old girl died?" he said, looking down at his companion with a blank expression.

"My aunt can leave her own property to whom she chooses, I presume!" was the cold reply.

"Whew! Then I must mind my P's and Q's, or she may leave it to that darling impostor who seems to have made himself so popular, confound him!" cried the man savagely.

"It is more than probable. Old ladies take strange fancies sometimes," said Myrene, her anger still rising with every moment.

"I suppose you will communicate at once with the police and take immediate steps to have the scoundrel arrested?" continued Michael Desmond.

"I shall do no such thing," said Myrene firmly. "I am sure my aunt would not wish publicity given to this affair."

"You mean to say that you are going to allow the thief to escape?"

"He's not a thief!" was the indignant retort. "And I am glad he escaped before your arrival!" she cried defiantly.

"He must indeed have made a favorable impression upon you!" sneered her companion. "It was a mistake, my turning up at all!"

At that moment a timely interruption occurred in the shape of Ada, who appeared at the door, her face very white.

"Can I speak to you at once, miss?" she asked anxiously.

Excusing herself briefly, Myrene followed the maid into the hall.

"Well, what is it?" she asked quickly.

"Oh miss! Your pearls! They are gone!" cried the girl, wringing her hands.

"Gone! Do you mean to say they have been stolen?" gasped Myrene, turning very pale.

"Yes, miss, and I thought I'd better tell you at once, so as you can have them arrested!" replied Ada, somewhat incoherently.

"Them? Of whom are you talking?" inquired her mistress in a puzzled tone.

"The two impostors! Oh, miss, isn't it dreadful? One of the grooms who has just returned from Lyndale says the story is all over the village, and he has also heard that they are two professional burglars who are wanted by the police," explained the girl excitedly.

"Hush, Ada! I am ashamed of you. How can you speak like that? I don't believe a word of what you say—it is merely idle gossip. As if Mr. Desmond—I mean Mr. O'Hara—were a common thief! Why the idea is perfectly ridiculous!" said Myrene angrily.

Yet icy fingers seemed to be clutching at her throat for was not Denis the only person, besides Ada, who knew where the jewels were hidden?

"Tell me how you came to know they were gone?" she continued quickly.

"Well, miss, you know that when you came up to bed last night with your beautiful party dress all wet and spoilt, and I undressed you, you were too tired to put your jewels away, so just flung them on the dressing table. Before I left the room I thrust them up the chimney in one of the disused rooms in the north wing, meaning to put them in their proper place today, but I forgot all about it until a few moments ago when Williams told us about the burglars. Then, when I rushed up to see if the jewels were safe, I found them gone!" exclaimed Ada breathlessly.

"Have you mentioned the loss to any one?" demanded Myrene sharply.

"No; I came straight down to you," began the girl.

"Then be sure that you do not tell anybody. Now promise me, Ada, for I will not have suspicion cast upon the

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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Or, Love and Revolutions

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CHAPTER XVII.

PURSUED.

AS THE launch swung out into the bay, a dark figure emerged from a clump of bamboos on a little peninsula to the left, and as it leaped nimbly up the rocky slope it resolved itself into the form of a girl. As she came within range of the harbor lights the dark brown face which was partly concealed by the mantilla thrown over her head and shoulders was turned toward the men in the boat. A short frock of dark red material enveloped her supple form, and there was grace in her poise and balance as she lifted her hand and made a signal to the men in the launch. She accompanied the gesture with what appeared to be an appeal to them, but as she spoke in Spanish, neither Bobby nor Sandy could understand sufficiently to arrive at her meaning.

"She wants to be taken on board the boat," Joaquin explained, as he turned a questioning glance to Bobby.

Bobby laughed.

"Where does she want to go?" he asked.

Joaquin turned to the girl and called to her in Spanish, and when she replied he said: "She asks me to say to the senors that she would thank them a thousand times if they will let her come with them to San Vincente."

"Why, surely we will," responded Bobby, and he gave orders for the launch to be turned toward the shore. "I guess the authorities won't throw us all into a dungeon for carrying her away from home in case she is running away," he added with a laugh.

As the launch swung into the headland the girl leaped lightly aboard, with a profuse flood of thanks.

"Mucho gracias, senor," she murmured in a low musical voice, as Sandy placed a wide canvas stool for her accommodation. She sank onto the seat, and dropping her hands into her lap, turned her gaze toward the vessels lying in the harbor. Her face was dark as that of an Indian, but there was something striking in the contour of her face, the almost Grecian profile, the parted lips, the rounded throat and the poise of the shapely head.

Sandy looked at her with a vague sort of interest. By the darkness of her skin he judged her to be of that mixed race of Spanish and the native Indian so common in the Central and South Americas, but there was a striking contrast in the features of the girl when compared with those of the natives. Hers had a more perfect, and at the same time, a more intellectual cast. Her manner, her movements, her gestures were easy and graceful.

Who was she? What could be her object in seeking passage to San Vincente in company with strangers at that hour? Was she running away from home? These questions passed through the mind of Sandy as he studied her face.

The George Washington moved swiftly under the shadows of vessels lying in the little harbor, and with a sharp staccato that broke harshly on the silence, glided into the black waters of the bay. The clouds had obscured the sky and the night was settling black and starless. To the left, lined against the void, the Mercedes, a little Guadalayaran gunboat, swept into the harbor under wisps of black smoke, its lights making long lanes of yellow light on the dark waters.

Bobby leaned back lazily in his seat and puffed at a cigarette, trying to think coherently. What the Englishman had told him regarding the revolution filled him with apprehension. Should General Pumar be successful in his attempt to overthrow the government it would interfere seriously with his plans. It was rumored that General Pumar might, at any time, move with his army upon San Vincente, which might result in the destruction of the city. Bobby shrugged his shoulders in disgust.

"The Guadalayarans are a set of hysterical idiots," he mused, "to allow themselves to be humbugged into a revolution by every one who comes along and wants a concession. I'm disgusted with the whole outfit."

He bent his head and puffed savagely at his cigarette. The George Washington swept on noisily out into the bay, while far astern the lights of El Pozo winked dimly in the mist.

Sandy sat watching the mist on the waters and now and then turning his gaze to the girl, who sat immovable, statue-like, till the darkness fell and left only an indistinct shadow on the dark void. Presently he was conscious of a subdued droning sound coming out of the darkness astern, a sound that gradually grew into rhythmic pulsations like the beating of a drum. The muffled sounds grew louder and more distinct, and with this he turned his head and threw a glance backward across the bay. Lights blinked through the misty night, and the black plumes of smoke from a steamer, touched with points of light, trailed off like writhing serpents. Suddenly a long quivering shaft of light shot out from the vessel and moved slowly over the waters from right to left like a great fiery finger, touching the waters with a thousand points of flame.

The girl turned suddenly and laid her hand on Sandy's arm, a hand that shook with a tremor of fear. She leaned toward him, and uttered a gasp of terror.

"It is the gunboat!" she cried in a hoarse voice, speaking in English, "and it is pursuing us!"

Sandy started as if he had received an electric shock. He bent quickly forward. His breath came in a quick gasp.

"Miss Dangerfield! In the name of God——"

"Yes, it is I," she breathed. "They have discovered me—they are pursuing——"

Her voice trailed off into a sob of terror.

Sandy leaped to his feet. He laid one hand on Joaquin's shoulder; with the other he made a gesture toward the approaching gunboat.

"Listen!" he cried. "We are being chased! It is the gunboat! It must not overtake us. Turn for the shore, quick!"

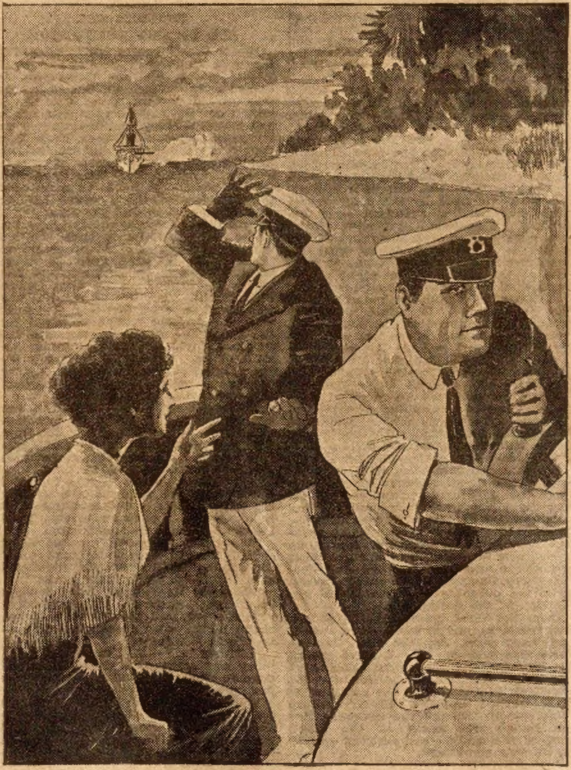
"Good Lord! what is it?" cried Bobby leaping to Sandy's side.

"Our passenger," said Sandy, with suppressed emotion, "is Miss Dangerfield! They have seen her enter the launch and the gunboat is coming in pursuit!"

Bobby gasped with amazement.

"I have told Joaquin to run for the shore," Sandy said. "It is our only chance!"

Bobby turned to Joaquin and gave hasty orders, and the launch swung toward the shore, which was more than a mile away.



"They have seen us!" cried Bobby.

"I fear we can never reach it before they are upon us!" Bobby said, as he turned his eyes toward the pursuing vessel.

"I shall never forgive myself for bringing this upon you," breathed the girl.

"Please don't say that!" pleaded Sandy. "See! the mist is gathering fast. We may be able to dodge them."

But even as he spoke the long lane of light shot out again across the waters, and for a moment it lay like an accusing finger upon the launch. Despite the gathering mist the launch and its occupants were plainly revealed. Miss Dangerfield half rose and sank back with a little gasp that ended in a sob. Bobby stepped quickly to her side.

"Miss Dangerfield," he said, "have no fear. No harm shall come to you. This persecution of you and your friend I shall bring before the president. Leave this matter entirely in our hands and give yourself no uneasiness. But we may yet give them the slip."

With murmured words of gratitude Miss Dangerfield sank back onto the seat, her eyes fixed on the pursuing boat. Meantime the launch was racing shoreward with all the speed that could be mustered, and slipping out of the line of the searchlight from the gunboat, it shot into the veil of darkness and sped on its way. Whether or not the launch could reach the shore before the gunboat should overhaul it was a question that none could answer. The Mercedes was less than two miles astern, and the distance to the shore was, as near as could be guessed, about a mile. It might be even less than that, but the gunboat was coming at tremendous speed.

Again the burning finger of light slipped over the dark waters till it lay on the launch. Then it held on it, moving with it as if by clock-work.

"They have seen us!" cried Bobby. "Ah, look!"

There was a vivid flash aboard the Mercedes, a glare of red light, and then something passed overhead with an ominous sound, while from over the waters the muffled boom of a cannon came sullenly over the bay!

CHAPTER XVIII.

As the sound of the cannon boomed

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Chicago Ledger

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A good bluff may be more effective than the real thing.

As a matter of fact few persons reside on Easy street.

A man may be on the square and still move in the best circles.

Fools oft rush in where wise men would expect the police.

Few men cut their wisdom teeth until after they are married.

It may be well to keep an eye on the woman who talks but little.

One lightning rod manufacturer has no right to steal another's thunder.

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An old bachelor says that distance lends enchantment to the view of women.

Be sure of your ability as a fighter before you attack a man who is scare proof.

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Spontaneous combustion would be more common if women were to lose the power of speech.

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Every mother secretly wonders how her daughter-in-law managed to persuade her son to marry her.

Even the homely girl realizes how easy it would be for her to become a duchess if she only had the price.

We are admonished to look not upon the wine when it is red—yet one little apple did the world more harm than all the wine ever produced.

(Continued from page seven.)

over the bay Miss Dangerfield uttered a cry of terror. But Bobby was quick to reassure her.

"There is no cause to be afraid," he said. "They are only firing over us as a signal for us to stop."

"Oh, are you sure?" she cried.

"Quite sure. Besides, it is quite doubtful if they could hit us if they tried."

The launch had again slipped out of range of the searchlight, and plunged into the velvety darkness. She was going at a splendid rate of speed now, and every moment, as they drew nearer the sheltering cliffs along the shore, the mist deepened. And the long lane of light from the Mercedes was still slipping here and there across the waters like the antenna of some monster, probing the blackness of the night. Twice it shot across the George Washington, but it did not pause there, but swept to the right and left, darting here and there, now describing a luminous arc, and now hovering over the waters with menacing finger.

"I think it lose us!" muttered Joaquin with calm conviction.

"By George! I believe that is the truth!" exclaimed Sandy. "Keep her going at every bit of speed in her if you rip her wide open!" he added, turning to Joaquin. "If you strain a rib or disable her I'll get you a whole flock of new ones that will make the George Washington look like a dime!"

Though the searchlight from the Mercedes was no longer able to locate the launch, those aboard the gunboat had anticipated the move the fugitive craft had made and in consequence had turned her prow shoreward with the evident intention of intersecting or cutting it off before it could reach the shore.

The situation was tense. That serious consequences might result if they were caught, both Sandy and Bobby were fully aware. In some way, they could not guess just how, Miss Dangerfield had become involved with the revolutionists. The government spies had doubtless been on her track ever since her escape from the castle. That she was still a fugitive was evidenced by the disguise she wore, and by her agitation over the prospect of capture. And now, if the gunboat should run them down, and she should be found in company with the two Americans who were known to have been at the castle on the night of the murder of Luis Tores, the government spy, it would complicate matters to an alarming degree. It would doubtless prove to the minds of the hot-headed Guadalayarans that there was collusion between the girl and the Americans.

What could Miss Dangerfield have been doing at El Pozo disguised as she was? What was her purpose? Something had brought her and the Countess of Zara to Guadalayara—something of vital importance. What was it? It could not be anything connected with the revolution. Sandy felt convinced of that.

The launch was still racing toward the shore, but the Mercedes, with amazing speed, was rapidly narrowing the distance that separated it from the launch. But the night was black, and the fog that now lay over the bay was growing denser with every moment. The searchlight, struggling through the fog, was no longer able to reveal the launch to those aboard the gunboat. However the Mercedes was plunging ahead on her course, as if the pursuers were certain of the location of the fleeing craft.

Once the light rested on the launch for a moment, and it was evident that it had been seen, for the next instant there was a spasm of red light aboard the gunboat and the sullen boom of a gun rolled over the waters. A shot went whistling overhead, and the sound of it as it crashed into the cliffs far ashore came faintly through the darkness. But the launch was again in the black shadow of the night and slipping swiftly on its way shoreward.

Presently, out of the gloom, vaguely outlined, as the searchlight shot across it, loomed the towering cliffs that skirted the shore. Out into the bay a long narrow arm extended, and with the aim of getting in the shelter of this, Joaquin quickly changed the course of the launch to the left. The Mercedes, now less than a half-mile away, was bearing down upon them with a rush, the pulsing of her engines coming noisily across the waters. A low chuckling laugh came from Joaquin.

"What is it?" asked Sandy breathlessly.

"We got away now!" he said. "If the big boat come in he get on a reef!"

It was plain that he spoke the truth, for a moment later the Mercedes swung round the open bay, her engines ceased to throb, and as she slowed down, the rattling of the davits told that the boats were to be lowered.

Meantime the launch had swept round the headland and was gliding closely along the shore under the shadow of the cliffs, while sweeping above and around them, the luminous arm of the searchlight was swaying back and forth like a pendulum.

Joaquin ran the launch close into the shore, and following along the base of the cliff, pushed on toward the head of the inlet. It was so dark that he was compelled to proceed with caution, feeling his way as it were along the rocky edge of the shore, under the palms whose black plumes brushed the launch as it passed. They were near the head of the inlet when Joaquin brought the launch to a stop in a little nook where it was completely enveloped in the tangle of overhanging branches. He swung himself ashore, and making the launch fast, signaled the others to follow.

Sandy assisted Miss Dangerfield ashore, and the four pushed their way up the steep ascent through interlacing branches of the bamboo, and high above the bay, they all took shelter in a clump of bamboos where they might watch their pursuers. Two boats had been lowered from the Mercedes and were now being rowed toward the inlet, their lights twinkling obscurely through the dense fog.

It was soon evident that the men in the boats were not certain as to whether they were on the trail of the launch, for while one of the boats came into the inlet, the other turned eastward and followed along the shore in the direction of San Vincente. The one that entered the inlet came almost to its head, and then the boat was stopped and while the men rested on their oars, they listened for sounds of the fugitive boat. As they heard nothing, they evidently considered further search there useless, and the boat was turned about and rowed in the wake of the other in the direction of San Vincente.

An hour later, from their elevated position, the fugitives saw the boats return to the Mercedes where they were hoisted to the davits, and a few minutes later the gunboat was steaming up the bay toward El Pozo.

CHAPTER XIX.

END OF THE REVOLUTION.

When the Mercedes had vanished in the mist as it sped on its way to El Pozo, Joaquin and his passengers returned to the launch and the little craft was turned toward San Vincente. A mile from the town was a small inlet, and into this the launch was turned and the passengers went ashore. From there they proceeded to the city on foot, entering by an obscure street. A cab was procured by Sandy and Miss Dangerfield was driven to the house of a friend of the Countess of Zara, where the girl was accorded a cordial welcome.

As the gray dawn swept up the eastern horizon a panic ran through the city. The shrill blast of a bugle smote the silence, and the men gathered in the plaza, pale and breathless, while from lip to lip ran the news that General Pumar with his army of revolutionists was about to attack the city. The Guadalayaran soldiers rushed pell-mell into the plaza and began to fall into line. Officers in gilt-spangled uniforms hurried hither and thither, giving orders and getting ready for the attack, while the roll of the drum spread the panic throughout the city.

Northwest of the city, on the summit of the hill that fell away in sinuous ripples to the very edge of the town, dark forms moved in the widening light, and the grim implements of war stood revealed in the pallid dawn.

The muffled sounds of the tumult in the town woke Sandy McDonald from his sleep. He rose, and dressing quickly, descended the stairs to find Bobby Henning already up and dressed.

"What has happened?" asked Sandy.

"If you will turn your gaze to the hill yonder," Bobby replied, "you may be able to give a pretty good guess."

"Cannons, by George!" cried Sandy, as he glanced toward the hill on which the revolutionists had planted their battery. "Good Lord! Are those geezers going to attack the town?"

"If they are not," remarked Bobby "they are making a pretty stiff bluff. Suppose we walk down town and see just what is in the wind."

When they reached Bobby's office they found the plaza densely packed with an excited crowd. Excitement and panic was written on the faces of the inhabitants, and they moved hither and thither, jabbering and gesticulating wildly. The soldiers had been hastily massed along the borders of the city, where breastworks were being thrown up, and other preparations made to repeal the invading foe; but no attempt was made by the revolutionists to advance upon the town, nor was a gun fired.

Soon stray bits of news began to fly from lip to lip. It was reported that an armistice had been proclaimed and that negotiations were under way by which war might be averted. There were other reports hinting that the rebel forces were not strong enough to make a successful attack upon the city, and that they were waiting for reinforcements. And there were many others conflicting in character. But whatever the truth might be, the tense excitement which pervaded the city began slowly to subside. The inhabitants became more rational, and an air of quiet and order took the place of panic and terror.

Sandy and Bobby took breakfast at the St. Denis, and then returned to the office where they smoked and talked over the situation. The day wore on without bringing any hostile demonstrations from the foe. The languor of the tropic day fell over the city, and the tension relaxed. It was toward the middle of the afternoon when a sudden commotion moved the people in the plaza. The crowd gathered quickly. There was a sudden outburst, and then a tumult of applause.

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Paul Murray came in breathless.

"What is it?" asked Bobby.

"It's all over but the shouting!" Paul replied. "The revolution is over!" He took off his hat and tossed it to the ceiling.

"How did it come about?" asked Bobby, beaming with joy.

"The particulars have not been given out," replied Paul. "But the thing is settled, and the President's proclamation has just been received. It is a compromise. An amnesty has been granted to all the revolutionists and they have laid down their arms. They are to be represented in the cabinet, and some concessions granted to them. General Pumar and his staff have just entered the city marching under the Guadalayaran colors, and they are now having a love feast. I may as well begin putting the great American Breakfast Food Company's literature into the Guadalayaran Spanish."

CHAPTER XX.

MURRAY'S DISCOVERY.

It was nine o'clock when the telephone bell rang. Bobby took the receiver. As he listened a sudden glow of interest came into his face. Finally he hung up the receiver and turned to Sandy.

"It was Paul Murray," he said.

"Where is he?" asked Sandy.

"At Dragon Castle."

"The deuce! What is he doing there?" Sandy's eyes glowed with interest.

"I was just going to tell you," Bobby replied. He paused and took up the receiver again, ordered a cab to be sent at once, and turned to Sandy.

"Where are you going?" Sandy asked.

"To the castle," he replied, "and you are coming with me."

"I? What has happened?" said Sandy, but Bobby stopped him.

"As I was going to tell you," he continued, "Paul went out to the castle just after supper. I think I told you of my experience in the alcove?"

"Yes—the dream you had or something about a ghost you imagined you saw," Sandy replied.

"No matter what it was, Paul has gone out to make an investigation. He is very clever at such things."

"And he has laid the ghost?"

"That's what he says; something to that effect, anyway."

"And he asked that we come out to the castle?"

"Yes."

"Why? Did you ask?"

"He didn't explain."

"How did he happen to go to the castle?"

"I sent him out there with a note to the countess."

"Then she is there?"

"Yes."

"And the other——?"

"Miss Dangerfield—she is there also."

Sandy's face glowed with sudden pleasure.

"Of course we'll go," he said.

They found Paul Murray waiting for them in the drawingroom at the castle when they arrived.

"The ladies," he said, "will be down in a little while. Meantime, I have something to tell you and something to show you as well." He lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. "I have made a very important discovery, but before I explain how I made the discovery and just what it is, I'm going to tell you a bit of a story. But I'll cut it short. Miss Dangerfield is the daughter of Basil Dangerfield, an American millionaire, who for a number of years made his home in Italy, where he died a few years ago, leaving his only daughter an orphan. Rosalind, Countess of Zara, is the daughter of Clinton Morgan, of New York. Fifteen years ago Morgan went to South America, where he made a fortune in the Peruvian mines. Later, he came to Guadalayara. He bought Dragon Castle and for a time he lived in San Vincente, intending to repair the castle and use it for a residence, but his health failed and he went to Italy. While in Florence he ran across Basil Dangerfield, an old friend whom he had not met for years, and there the two families lived for some time. It was there that Rosalind Morgan met and married the Count of Zara, a Russian nobleman.

"The count and his wife went to St. Petersburg, and soon after their arrival the count became involved in some political intrigues and had to leave the country. It was then that they came to San Vincente and took up their abode in Dragon Castle, which the countess had inherited from her father, who had died while she was in Russia. While they were at the castle, Ruric Damonhoff, a cousin of the count's, a young scapegrace, artist, amateur photographer, and adventurer, came to make his home with the count and countess. It seems that he fell desperately in love with the countess Rosalind and annoyed her a great deal by his attentions. He induced her to let him paint her picture in order that he might be in her company, and after that he made repeated attempts to make love to her and she was compelled to threaten him with expulsion from the house unless he ceased to annoy her. So hot-tempered, so insanely jealous was the count by nature that she did not dare tell him of Ruric's impertinences, lest it might result in a tragedy.

"Finding himself avoided and despised by the countess, he conceived a plan for revenging himself upon her, and it was a most shocking and devilish piece of rascality that he employed to gain his end. Some time after the count found a photograph of his wife where it had to all evidences been dropped by some one. It was a photograph of the countess clad in Greek costume, partly nude, and the sight of it so enraged the count that he was almost insane. He confronted the countess and made vile accusations against her and ended by striking her, and in all probability would have killed her but for the servants. He then looked for Ruric with the intention of killing him, but Ruric had left the castle and Guadalayara, and was on his way to Europe.

"The count went to South America, plunged into a life of recklessness and dissipation, and was killed in a duel before the end of the year. The countess returned to Florence where her mother was living, and a few months later gave birth to a girl whom she named Filipa. And Miss Dangerfield, whose parents were now dead, became the countess' protege. Ruric Damonoff, after the death of the count, followed the countess to Italy and tried to ingratiate himself with her, and as a result of his being expelled from the house by the servants, he made an attempt to have her assassinated. At least she is positive that the attempt made on her life in Rome was the work of an assassin hired by Ruric Damonoff.

"When Filipa was four years old she was stolen by Ruric and brought to Guadalayara. The kidnaper and child were finally traced to El Pozo, and the countess and Miss Dangerfield hurried hither. Meantime Ruric had joined the revolutionists, and was in the confidence of General Pumar. When the countess and Miss Dangerfield arrived in San Vincente, Ruric made no attempt to conceal himself and defied them to prove anything. Having fallen in love with Miss Dangerfield, he sought an interview with the countess and offered to restore Filipa to her in case Bertha Dangerfield would consent to marry him. This she refused to consider, but offered him a large sum of money if he would return her child. He refused the offer and swore revenge on them both.

"In the interim the detective employed by the countess had discovered that Filipa had been placed in the home of General Pumar, and it was the visit of the countess and Miss Dangerfield to General Pumar that caused suspicion in the minds of the government spies that the women were giving aid to the revolutionists. General Pumar refused to let her take the child away till he could make an investigation of the claims made by the countess, as Ruric had declared the child to be his own; but he promised to keep Filipa under his protection till the matter could be investigated. Last night while engaged in a quarrel with a Spaniard in the revolutionists' camp, Ruric was shot and fatally wounded. He died a few hours later, but before he died he made a confession which was taken down by General Pumar himself. In the confession he gave all the details of his villainous plot against the countess and his attempt to bring dishonor upon her, and of his kidnaping of the child.

"This morning General Pumar sent Filipa to her mother, and also the confession of Ruric Damonoff. In his confession Ruric states that in company with a French dancing girl, they visited New York in the role of the Count and Countess of Zara, and that afterwards, when he had abandoned her, she had again appeared in New York as the Countess of Zara, and had been implicated in a cleverly planned scheme for smuggling diamonds into New York.

"And now," went on Paul, lighting a fresh cigarette, "I come to the second part of my story—that which deals with the discovery I have made. I first went into the alcove where the 'ghost' you spoke of had appeared. I had a theory from the start, and it didn't take me long to get at the truth. The apparition, it seems, had appeared last night and on the night before that; the first appearance occurring at a little past nine, and the next a few minutes past ten. This fact led me to believe that the specter had been produced in some way by the rays of the moon, when it arrived at a certain position. The difference in the time of the first and second appearance corresponds with the difference in the time which the moon would arrive at the same point in the heavens on the two nights mentioned. I next turned my attention to the window through which the moonbeams must have entered at the times the apparition made its appearance. I climbed up and made a careful examination. Fastened in the corner of one of the small panes of glass I found a small box. This, on examination, proved to contain a film on which was a negative of the picture of a woman in Greek costume, with the face of the Countess of Zara! It was so constructed that when the light fell upon it the picture in the shadow would be projected into the alcove. It was a very simple arrangement, and by the aid of a candle I could easily demonstrate the correctness of my convictions.

"I took the film, and on examining it under a magnifying lens, I made the discovery that the negative had not been made from life, but from a painted picture! The picture was a fraud, and had been used to impose on the count and turn him against his wife. I soon found further proof of this. In a small recess above the window, where a stone had been removed, I discovered some rubbish, among which was a photograph—an exact copy of the one on the film, excepting the face, which was strange to me. It was a real photograph taken from life, and it was this that Ruric had used, reproducing it in a painting, but substituting the features of the countess for those of the original. It was rather a clumsy piece of business, but the fraud served its dreadful purpose.

"All this was confirmed in Ruric's confession. In addition to giving aid to the insurgents, he had banded himself with a gang of ladrones—or robbers, and it was members of the gang that accompanied him to the castle the night Luis Tores was murdered. His object in coming to the castle was to secure some papers relating to some estates in Russia, which he wished to gain possession of, but he failed to lay hands on the papers, as the countess had hidden them. That is all. I think I hear the ladies coming," Paul added, "and I guess I'll run on back to town and set to work clawing our advertising literature into Guadalayaran Spanish. Adios, senors," and slipping through the door, he was gone.

CHAPTER XXI.

"AMERICA."

In a room in the Grand Hotel in San Rosa, before a mahogany table on which were glasses and a decanter of liquor, sat two men. They were Richard Moddington, sport, capitalist and adventurer, and Baron Ostermann, the German magnate. The former exhaled an air of opulence from the toes of his elegant shoes to the splendid diamond that sparkled on his cravat. The baron, sleek and well-fed, sprawled forward in his easy chair as he filled a glass and drank the contents at a single gulp.

"Moddington," he said, with a slight German accent, "this has been a great day for us."

Moddington nodded.

"Something like that," he said. "It cost us a hundred thousand to fix Pumar, but the San Gregodo mines are worth a couple of million."

"Did the president—what do you call it—kick?—when you made our proposition to him?" asked the baron.

"Not a bit. You see, I had already told him that unless something was done to stop the revolution that it was more than likely that General Pumar would get secret aid from foreign countries. And when I told him that if he would give us a lease on the San Gregodo mines we would call off the revolution in an hour, he was speechless with joy and fell into our net without a word of protest."

(Continued on page seventeen.)

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

* * *

History Repeats Itself.

History repeated itself when a lords' debate was interrupted by an aeroplane. For when Lunardi made the first balloon ascent in England on Sept. 15, 1784, a cabinet council was engaged on most important state deliberations. But King George said: "My lords, we shall have an opportunity of discussing this question at another time, but we may never again see poor Lunardi; so let us adjourn the council and observe the balloon."

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

$2.00 Takes The Whole Set

A $2.00 bill brings you this entire set. The extension table is of the popular pedestal design with a large 42 inch top that extends to 6 feet. It is made of fine American quartered oak which shows the large flaky effect. The entire table is polished to a mirror-like brightness. Pedestal is massive and substantial. The 6 elegant chairs are of American quartered oak to match table. Each chair is highly polished and handsomely finished. An elegant design that will give years of service.

$1.00 A MONTH Put this dining set to a good, thirty-day test in your home. If you like it and want to keep it pay us $1 per month until you have paid in all, including your first $2, our direct-from-factory price of $16.85

Money Back Guaranty

If you don't find the set entirely satisfactory after the 30-day test, notify us and we will send for it and refund every cent that you have paid us. Our own gigantic capital and multi-million dollar resources make our guarantee the strongest of its kind ever printed. And the country's biggest banks have endorsed our methods of square dealing.

15 to 50% Savings

The $25.00 dining set at $16.85 is a fair example of the enormous savings you will find throughout our entire line of homefurnishings. No matter what you want or where you buy we can positively offer you a 15 to 50% saving on every purchase. Our 22 immense retail stores and over a million customers make it possible.

FREE CREDIT Our credit service is the most liberal in existence. We charge no interest and make no extra charges of any kind. And all deals are kept strictly confidential. We operate on such a small margin of profit that we cannot afford to allow even 1% discount for cash. But remember, our credit prices are from **15 to 50% lower** than cash prices elsewhere.

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HARTMAN CO.
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Catalog FREE

We have "A Message of Joy" for every good, honest, home-loving family in the country. It's the finest and most elaborate catalog of its kind ever printed. Pictures in actual colors over 5,000 different articles, such as stoves, ranges, rugs, curtains and furniture of all kinds, as well as silverware, glassware, chinaware, crockery, etc. Contains 330 pages that give you your choice of the world's best bargains and plenty of time to pay for them. Costs us $1.25 to print and mail each copy of this new catalog, but it's yours free for the asking.

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Largest, oldest and best known home-furnishing concern in the world. (53)

Established 1855 — 56 years of success.

22 Great Stores — 1,000,000 Customers

Accept this $25 Suit One of Many Styles

YES, FREE—our outfit sent you at once with our *new* most remarkable easy money-making offer, with *your* extra sample suit offer too. Be swell dressed, and backed by us in spare time or all time, as our representative in your exclusive territory. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. Your best chance is here if you write a postal quick. Our offer means

$5 Per day easy or $30 to $50 a week

We trust you absolutely. Just show our Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates of latest beautiful styles. Everything sent *Express Prepaid*. Your friends will grab at this chance to get our perfect hand tailored made-to-measure swellest suits, pants or overcoats. They'll save $3 to $5. Suits $8 up. Biggest profit and confidential special inside wholesale prices to you. Fit, workmanship and material Guaranteed by Bond. Finest in America for style, looks and wear. Undersell all others.

SAMPLE SUIT Just for you. Everything in **FREE** To You **OUTFIT**

SEND NO MONEY *No experience or capital needed.* You want this sure. Don't miss it. We want you. We back one man this way to each territory. Get in quick. No risk. We help and show you. Chance of life to get best clothes, make most money. Keep it to yourself! Hurry postal today.

Great Central Tailoring Co. 720 Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO, - ILL.

Traveling Salesmen and Saleswomen Wanted

Earn While You Learn. We now have on file letters from thousands of Wholesale and Manufacturing firms who are anxious to employ Salesmen and Saleswomen capable of earning from $1,000.00 to $10,000.00 a year and expenses. No former experience needed to get one of these good positions. We will teach you to be a high grade Salesman or Saleswoman in eight weeks by mail and our **Free Employment Bureau** will assist you to secure a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars, list of good openings and testimonials from over a thousand persons we have recently placed in good positions.

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National Salesmen's Training Association

Chicago New York Kansas City New Orleans Seattle U. S. A.

GO INTO THE

Moving Picture Business

FROM $45 to $60 STARTS YOU AND YOU WILL EARN AS MUCH IN 1 OR 2 NIGHTS

The small payment required to get our machine will make more money than thousands of dollars invested in any other enterprise.

$25 and more per night can be made exhibiting with our machine in halls, schools, churches, theaters, etc., in your own and surrounding towns. We furnish everything—rent films, too.

Write for particulars about our Moving Picture Machines and our 8-months-to-pay plan.

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100 CARDS FOR 10 CENTS. Summer Girls! Mountains! Seashore! Fun! Love Scenes! Flowers, Birthday etc. Gold, embossed etc. fine colors. STAR CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

TICKLISH TACKLES
Ellsworth Young

The Right One.

Three o'clock was the very earliest the man could get up to the store, so his wife asked him to meet her then.

"I don't know in what department I shall be at that time," she said, "but just before three, I will telephone to the clerk at the information bureau, near the main entrance, and if you will just step over and ask him he will tell you where I am."

At 3:02 the man sought information as to the whereabouts of his wife.

"I have a message," said the clerk, "from a woman who said her husband would inquire for her about three o'clock. Maybe it is for you. She said to tell you that she had gone over to Blank's store over on Sixth avenue to finish her shopping because the clerks in this store are impudent, the place is ill ventilated and she couldn't find anything she wanted here, anyhow, and never had been able to find anything here, and this is positively the last time she will ever try to find anything here. Of course that might not have been your wife——"

"Oh, yes," said the man, "that's was her, all right."

Plenty Like Her.

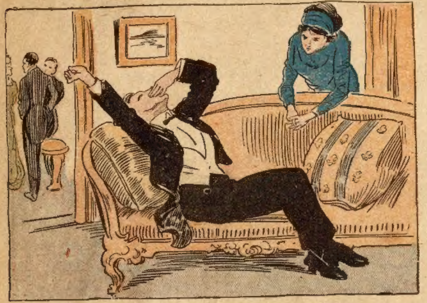
Mrs. Spanker—I wish to get a house in a quiet neighborhood.

Agent—Yes, madam; we can accommodate you. I have a vacant house in a street which is as quiet as a Sabbath morn all the year round. No barking dogs, no children, no nuisance of any kind.

Mrs. Spanker—That's exactly what I want. How lucky I happened to come to you! How many rooms has it?

Agent—Ten.

Mrs. Spanker—That's just right. We need a good deal of room. We have nine children. I hope there's space at the back for a dog house. We have three.



Weary Husband—How long are those people going to stay here?

Wife—I don't know; I can't tell them to go.

Weary Husband—Of course not; but you might play the piano.

A Quibble.

Here is a pretty quibble from the new edition of "Logic for the Million," which Sharper Knowlson has prepared: "David said in his wrath, 'All men are liars.' Therefore, David was a liar. Therefore, what David said was not true. Therefore, David was not a liar. But if David was not a liar, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars.

Change in the Weather.

Mrs. Spinks—Where is the money you have been saving for a rainy day?

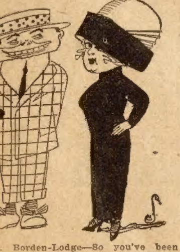
Mr. Spinks—In the Neverbreak Savings Bank.

Mrs. Spinks—Well, give me a check for some of it. I want a new waterproof.

Curious.

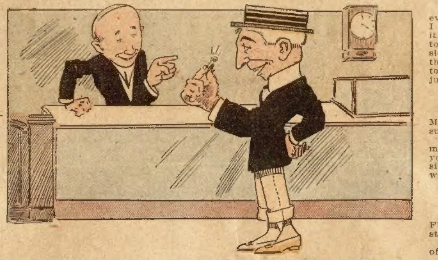
"Of course, you admit that no self-respecting man would associate with a wife beater."

"Of course," replied Mr. Meekton, timidly. "But, do you know, I'd like to see one, just out of curiosity!"



Mrs. Borden-Lodge—So you've been boarding with that Mrs. Hammond-Egg. She always pretends that she doesn't keep boarders.

The New Boarder—Quite right. She takes boarders, but she doesn't keep them.



Tall Youth—Say, you cut the wrong initials on this engagement ring; what are you going to do about it?

Jeweler—I'll introduce you to a girl with initials like those.

Choice of Three.

"You'll have to do one of three things," declared the very portly conductor.

The ticketless passenger looked up insolently and said, "Well?"

"Show your ticket, pay yer fare, or git off," answered the very portly conductor.

The insolent passenger leaned out of the window.

"And you, too, my friend," he said seriously, "will have to do one of three things."

"Well?" queried the portly conductor confidently.

"Walk more," retorted the passenger, "eat less, or bust!"

And by the time the fat conductor had recovered the train had left the station.

The Worser Half.

Mrs. Fourundred—We need some new rugs.

Mr. Fourundred—Carpets would be more comfortable.

Mrs. Fourundred—Rugs are more stylish. You men are such animals. Always talking about comfort!

Baby's Picture.

Wife—I'm tired to death. Been having baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.

Husband—How long did it take?

Wife—About four hours.

Been There.

Binks—I got a sure tip on the race yesterday.

Minks—That so? How much did you lose?

Forgetful.

The great detective removed his black hat and carefully sat down.

"Now, madam," he asked kindly, "when was it your husband disappeared?"

"Three months ago," she replied, "or it may have been four, or it may have been five. I've had so many things on my mind—you understand——"

"Exactly," the great detective replied. "You say it was just after an attack of heart trouble that you missed him?"

"Yes."

After thinking rapidly but thoroughly, the great detective took from an inside pocket a file of newspapers. He began searching through them.

"It is as I thought," he said at length. "Here is the death notice telling of how your husband was buried four months ago from this very house."

She bit her lip.

"To be sure!" she exclaimed. "I remember now. I've had so many things on my mind, you understand——"

"Exactly," replied the great detective.

In Confidence.

Old Friend—You should always take your wife into your confidence. Women appreciate that sort of thing.

De Broker—Oh, I do that; that is, in part.

Old Friend—You tell her of your gains and losses, I presume?

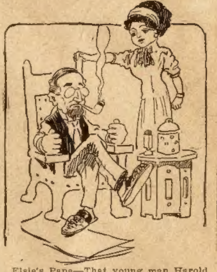
De Broker—Uh—I always tell her of my losses.

Warding Off the Request.

Hamilton—The very instant that Johnson was married he struck his father-in-law for a loan.

Ballou—Why did he do that?

Hamilton—His bride had warned him that the old man intended to strike him for one.



Elsie's Papa—That young man Harold called every evening this week; that's enough.

Elsie—Yes, papa—for this week.

A Selfish Girl.

Nellie—That Clara De Note is just the meanest, most utterly selfish girl I ever saw. She never thinks of any one but herself.

Dora—Do tell!

Nellie—Yes. I ran in there the other evening for a few moments, and while I was there Mr. Nicefellow called. Well, it wasn't long before he requested her to play. He's passionately fond of music, you know. Well, what do yon think that girl did? She asked him to come to the piano and turn the music for her, just so I couldn't talk to him.

A Man of Brains.

Mrs. D'Avnoo (indignantly)—What! Move out of the city and live in the suburbs? Indeed I won't—so there!

Mr. D'Avnoo (who wants to economize)—My dear, a pretty woman like you never look so charming as when sitting in a phaeton at a suburban railway station, waiting for her husband.

She went.

Caused Too Much Loss.

Seymour—What was the cause of Flaring's losing his job in the cold storage plant?

Ashley—His temper; he got hot so often that he melted the ice.

Nature's Wise Economy.

"Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice."

"How do you work that out?"

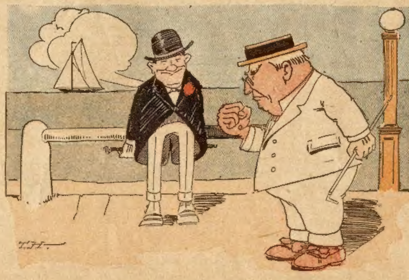
"What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"

Horse Sense.

"He has plenty of horse sense."

"Why so?"

"He never bets on one."



Mr. Griscom—Say, man, last night your Eddie thrashed my James; what are you going to do about it?

Mr. Stingo—If it's true, I'll have to give Eddie the prize I offered him.

Too Short a Time.

While Smith and Jones were on their annual walking tour they came across a dirty little urchin crying in the road. Smith gave him a dime and Jones wiped his eyes and then, as a fitting crown to their kindness, they asked his age.

"Five," murmured the boy, holding his money tightly in his grimy fist.

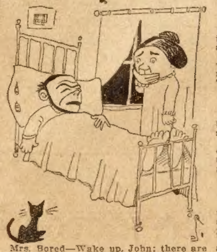
"Surely not," expostulated Smith.

The boy nodded and the few remaining tears were sent further down his cheeks to leave their tracings on the smut.

"Ridiculous!" reiterated Smith. "You must be older."

"But why," asked Jones, "if he says not?"

"My dear chap," replied Smith, gazing earnestly at the lad's face, "you can't tell me that it would be possible for anybody to gather so much dirt in the time!"



Mrs. Bored—Wake up, John; there are burglars in the house!

Wood B. Bored (sleepily)—Tell them I'm not in.

Lots for Sale.

Consumptive—Yes, the doctor says I won't live six months if I stay here. Is your section of Florida healthy?

Florida Man—Healthy? Half the people down there want to sell out and come North.

"Eh? Why?"

"Tired of life."

Love in Kentucky.

Scene, Louisville residence; time, 10:30 p. m.

Masculine Voice (from head of stairs)—Young man, I reckon you don't know the saloons in this neighborhood close at eleven.

Kentucky Lover—Good night, my own. I must hurry.

Poor but Proud.

Mr. Slimpurse—Come, it's time we started for Mrs. Wayup's reception. If we hurry we can catch the next car. My gracious! Why are you streaking your wraps with mud?

Mrs. Slimpurse—To make it look as if we had come in a carriage.

A Sensible Girl.

He (timidly)—Now that we are engaged, I—I presume I may—may—kiss you as much as I please, mayn't I?

She (encouragingly)—Yes, indeed. Make the most of your time, dear. There's no telling how long an engagement will last nowadays, you know.

Significant.

Wife (who is without a girl)—Why, the atmosphere of this kitchen is blue. What causes it?

Husband (who has been trying to get breakfast)—I have just burned my fingers.

Not Enough Rocks.

Friend—Trouble with your wife, eh? What rock did your domestic ship split on?

Spinks—None at all. Hadn't rocks enough, that was the difficulty.

One Thing Sure.

Sympathetic Mother—I can't understand why you should have so much trouble with your wife. Perhaps she only married you to please her parents.

Son—Not much. She isn't that kind.

A Man in a Thousand.

Stranger—Are you the gentleman who caught a big, burly burglar and held on with bulldog tenacity until he ceased to struggle, and you were able to bind and gag him?

Gentleman—Yes. What is it you wish?

Stranger—I called, sir, to ask if you would not accept an agency for some of the long-felt wants which we manufacture and which no family should be without.

Took the Prescription.

Poor Patient (after an examination)—Doctor, is there much the matter with me?

Doctor—Nothing but the effects of care and worry. You must reduce your expenses so as to live within your income.

Patient—I'll begin now. Here's ten cents. Good day.

Had Seen Others.

"If you see a floating object of greenish hue," said the scientist, "it may be a lump of ambergris."

"And then again, it may be a decayed watermelon," retorted the ancient boatman. "I've investigated thousands of 'em in my time."

No Judge.

"Your father doesn't think you have been especially well behaved," said the small boy's uncle.

"I know that," answered the precocious juvenile. "But things I have heard mother say make me think he isn't any great judge of high-class deportment."

The Reason.

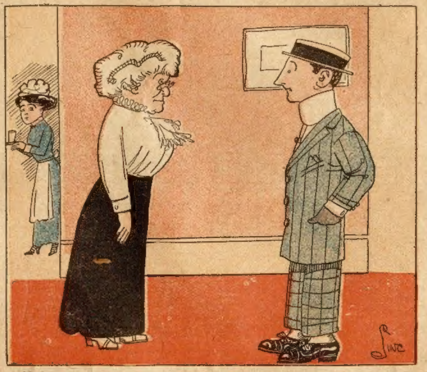
The Little Chap—We're getting up a tug-o'-war between the married and single men. You're married, aren't you?"

The American—No, I've just been seasick; that's why I look that way!

Good Weight.

"How in the deuce did you get that ten-pound bass to weigh twenty-five pounds?"

"Sh! I weighed him on the iceman's scales."



Mother—You're going near the postoffice, Frank. Let Aunt Fanny know that uncle is down with cirrhosis of the liver. You can 'phone or wire.

Son—I'll 'phone. Uncle's complaint is easier to speak of than to spell!

His Only Chance.

Wifie—Do you know that you talk in your sleep, dear?

Hubby—Surely you do not grudge me that little—my only chance?

Father Caught Up.

Patience—And did her father follow them when they eloped?

Patrice—Sure! He's living with them yet!

Theory vs. Fact.

Professor—For anatomical reasons, women cannot stand so long as men.

Young Lady—I guess you never saw a woman having a dress fitted.

Shocking.

The prudish maiden on the yacht toward
the cabin tore.
"Oh, dear," she said, "they're going to
let the vessel hug the shore."

An Offer.

"I see that the latest census figures show that there is in this country one horse for every five persons and one pig for every two persons."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing—only I'm willing to trade my fifth of a horse for your half of a pig."

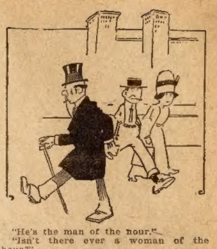
Alfred's Question.

Alfred had so often been asked by admiring strangers "Whose little boy are you?" that it was perhaps no wonder that he finally turned the tables on his elders. This he did one evening by inquiring, very sweetly, of a young gentleman who was calling upon Alfred's sister: "Whose papa are you?"

Didn't Need Watching.

"Rufus, you old loafer, do you think it's right to leave your wife at the washtub while you pass your time fishing?"

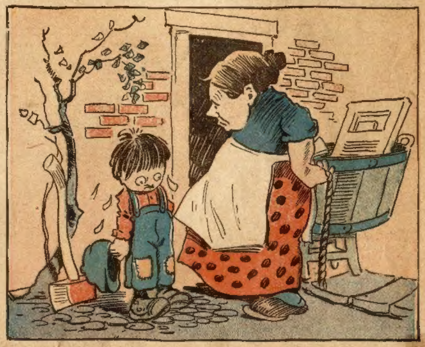
"Yas, sah, jedge, it's all right. Mah wife don' need no watchin'. She'll sholy wuk jes' as hard as if I was dah."



"He's the man of the hour."

"Isn't there ever a woman of the hour?"

"Yes; but it takes her an hour and a half."



"Have you been in swimming, Jonathan?"

"No, mother. I took off my clothes to take a sun bath and one of the fellows pushed me into the water."

Cured.

"Cholly has taken the drink cure."

"Did it cure him?"

"He fears it has."

An Outrage.

Mr. Hayseed—What's this extra charge for?

Hotel Clerk—We charge extra for gas burned all night.

Mr. Hayseed—Why, consarn y'r picturs, you've got a sign there plain as kin be, "Don't blow out the gas."

Not All Handicaps.

"I got my hand stung by a sea nettle," said the young girl.

"Terrible; too bad."

"It wasn't so bad. Four young men insisted on holding my hand all at once.

Secret of Happiness.

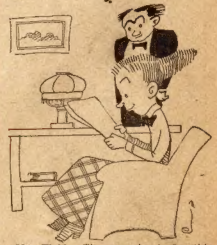
Winks—Your little wife is a veritable ray of sunshine.

Minks—Indeed she is. She believes everything I tell her.

Brutal Advice.

Miss Passee—Can you tell me of a good way to keep my hair from falling out?

Miss Pert—Yes; put it on tighter.



Mrs. Waldo—The magazine is fine this month.

Waldo—Is it?

Mrs. Waldo—Yes, dear; seven pages of reading matter and only 279 of incubator and flower seed ads.

ON HIS METTLE;

Or, The Adventures of Ralph Overton

By J. M. MERRILL

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

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CHAPTER XV.

A SWIM FOR LIFE.

RALPH was not prepos[illegible]ed in favor of the skipper of the Rainbow. He was gruff of speech, very sinister in manner, and the boy believed, harsh with his crew.

"You'll have to work yer p[illegible] if yer go with m[illegible]" growled the captain, peering in upon the boy as he sat in the little cabin listening to the "yo-ho!" of the sailors as they were preparing to leave the harbor.

"I am no sailor," said Ralph.

"You'll have to be if yer stop long aboard the Rainbow," chortled the sour-visaged skipper. With that he went back to the deck.

Ralph half regretted the step he had taken when he felt the vessel moving down the harbor at the heels of a tug. The boy sat and watched the twinkling lights on shore till they faded in the dim distance. Despite all that wad of money our boy hero felt lonely and homesick. He had no home, to be sure, yet, somehow he longed to be with the Tugwell children once more. Jill was a pleas girl and Peg was worthy to be her brother. Ralph would gladly have made his home with them had not this disgusting affair of the murdered foreman come up to plague and make him afraid.

The boy went upon deck where [illegible] found the men busily engaged in [illegible] and loosening sail. The little tug in advance throbbed and spluttered like a live thing on the surface of the bay. Ralph walked about, feeling his way in the gloom, watching by the light of the binnacle lamps the movements of the little crew.

"Stand from under, you kid-you," roared a tar as he stumbled against the boy [illegible] Ralph darted aside and went forward to the extreme bow. Here he paused and leaned far out over the sharp bow, watching with charmed eye ripple of the split waters.

He had not been here long when he heard a step close beside him

"How nice the water looks—"

The boy got no further. A pair of strong arms seized him and hurled him squarely over the bows of the schooner. Down with a smothered shriek went the boy, disappearing like a flash beneath the hull of the vessel.

Skipper Briggs stood back and snorted: "[illegible] overboard!"

There was little show for rescue. The tug was booming along with a great noise so that even a lively shout was scarcely discernible, and the skipper did not shout. He stood grimly glowering into the foaming water across the Rainbow's sharp bows.

"It's all over," breathed the captain; "'twas easier than I imagined. A thousand dollars for a job like that isn't so bad. Why, I'd have an accident happen every day for half the sum."

"What is it cap'n?"

One of the sailors halted beside his skipper.

"Boy overboard," returned Briggs.

"The new boy, the one you took on today?"

"Yes, pore chap."

The tug was hailed, finally made to hear, and being halted, a search for the boy was at once made. Nothing came of it.

"Go ahead," commanded the skipper, after half an hour. "I can't waste any more time over one small kid."

And so it came about that the story of the drowning got into the paper the next morning, news being brought in by the crew of the tug, which reached the dock on its return from pulling the Rainbow out to sea two hours after midnight. It was this news that met Mr. Villaindon so early in the morning. His tool had done his work far more expeditiously than the timberman had expected. The suddenness of the news rather staggered him, making him nervous in the extreme. He sat down in his den and read the story of the drowning with pallid face and quaking heart.

"So the boy is finally out of the w[illegible]," muttered the blue lips of the wicked rich man. "I shall breathe some easier now."

He sighed and lit a cigar. It was not often that Villaindon smoked before the breakfast hour. This morning he did it to [illegible] his nerves. They required steady[illegible]nce in his soul he realized that [illegible]s a brother to Cain of old.

"[illegible] feel still safer if I could find the [illegible] of St. Glebe."

Villaindon smoked and reflected. The [illegible] he thought about the cross the [illegible] anxious did he become on account of it. He knew that the cross held that which was of vital importance to his own well being. His claim to the great tracts of timber along Roaring Run hung upon a brittle thread; that thread might be snapped at any time unless he [illegible]red the evidence which, he was well [illegible]d, was somehow bound up in the [illegible] of St. Gleb.

"Hello, Uncle Dick!" exclaimed Enoch, blundering into the room. "D'ye know what the kids are hollering?"

"I haven't noticed," and the rich man frowned, not quite pleased at the interruption.

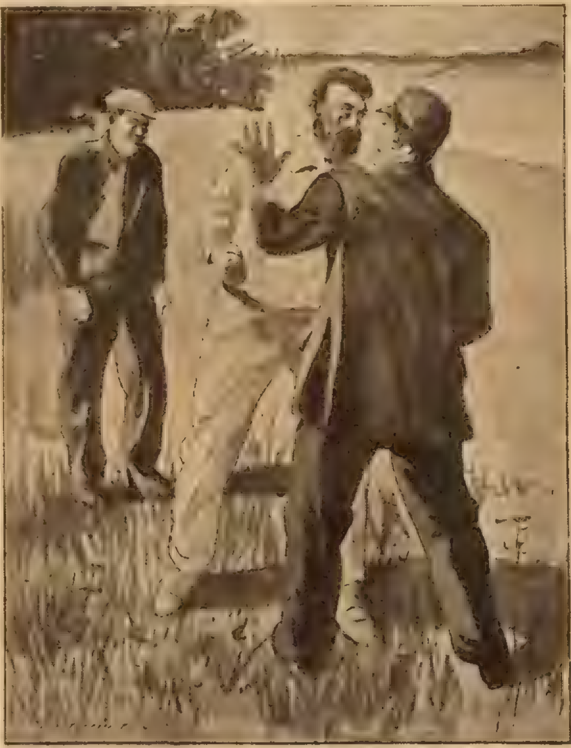
"Why, they say there's been a boy drowned off ship, and the boy's that scamp of a Ralph Overton."

"Very likely," mildly assented the timberman. "Such boys are apt to meet violent deaths."

"You don't seem to be excited over it, uncle."

"Why should I be?"

You was so much interested in him last night, you know



"Just get out of here as fast as your legs will carry you!"

"Tush. I couldn't let him murder you, you know." Holding out his paper. "There's an account of the drowning in the paper. Want to read it, Enoch?"

"You bet I do."

The boy took the paper and was going out when his uncle called him back.

"It's well enough to keep this from your mother, Enoch," he said.

"I shan't tell her, but she's sure to find it out."

"Well, let her, in some other way than by her son."

"All right, Uncle Dick."

Meantime how fared it with our young hero?

Ralph felt the strong arms of the skipper wrapped about him, yet did not suspect his intent till he found himself whirled across the bows of the swiftly moving schooner. One shriek he sent up, then felt the waters close over him. All was a confused mass of sound as he felt the keel of the boat scrape and whirl him about. The lad had enough wit left to hold his breath until he was well out from beneath the schooner's hull. He came to the surface [illegible] as he caught his breath, and spr[illegible] hands to save himself from sinking. Far ahead churned the schooner, her lights glinting like fireflies in the distance.

Ralph kept himself afloat without difficulty. He had learned to swim almost with his first boyish breath. After a moment he plunged in pursuit of the vessel. He swam perhaps a dozen yards, then halted, trod water and meditated.

Why should he go back to the vessel? He knew that the skipper had thrown him into the lake to be rid of him. Should he regain the boat it would be to meet with hostile hands. Why the skipper wished to dispose of him had not yet been made plain to our boy hero.

"I'll not go back to your hands, Captain Briggs," muttered the boy. I'd sooner drown than face you again

Ralph swam in a circle in an effort to locate points of the compass. He decided that he was several miles from land. The question was, could he swim such a long distance? It was more of a feat than he had ever as yet undertaken and he could not help doubting the outcome.

"I'd sooner drown than face the captain again," thought the boy. "He meant to drown me; he would not take me back, so I must keep afloat till picked up, else swim to land—or drown!"

Having come to this decision Ralph struck out for the distant shore, having only a faint hope of ever reaching it alive. It was do or die with him once more and our lusty little hero was equal to the occasion. He heard nor saw anything more of the vessel from which he had been cast. With teeth against lip he swam on and on, changing every now and then from one position to another in order to rest his swimming muscles.

In this way the boy made splendid [illegible], and yet he did not find himself nearing the land. Nothing but a wide expanse of water met his strained and [illegible] gaze. His limbs grew tired, his [illegible]s beat rapidly, a sudden, dangerous [illegible]ailing him.

"[illegible] I think I am going to lose" gaspingly moaned the swimmer.

His senses swam; he was losing consciousness. Suddenly, to his strained ear, came a sound. What was it? The distant thud of a boat's oar!

That sound brought our hero out of the deadly lethargy so dangerous to his well being. He inhaled new life from the air, grew again resolute, and swung his thin arms wide in the frog-like movement of swimming. The sound of a rowlock grew louder. When nearly exhausted our boy hero saw with glad eyes the outlines of a good-sized skiff.

"Hello! Help!" gurgled the swimmer.

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The boat swept up, almost running the boy down; a hand was outstretched drawing our hero, draggled and exhausted, into the boat. For several minutes Ralph lay in a dead faint. When at length he opened his eyes a man was bending over him, rubbing his hands and bared arms.

"Thank God you didn't drown!"

"Why, it's Mr. Godfrey!" exclaimed Ralph.

"How do you feel?" asked the skiff owner.

"Better," and the boy laughed grimly.

"Glad to hear it. Lucky for you I was crossing the bay tonight. You were doing your last licks when I heard your cry for help."

"Did I cry for help?" said Ralph. "I most forgot."

"That you did, and you fainted the moment I lifted you into the skiff. How does it come that you were in the lake so far from shore?"

CHAPTER XVI.

RALPH'S PERIL.

Ralph explained the situation while his strange friend sat at the oars and listened attentively.

"The work of that man again," muttered Godfrey when the boy had concluded his narrative.

"What man, sir?" asked the boy, dimly sensing the truth.

"Richard Villaindon of course."

"He seemed good to me at the last," ventured our hero in defense of the timberman. "I know he has shown his enmity at times, and yet he was good, too. He gave me a hundred dollars when I left Highland Hall last night. If the soaking it got hasn't spoiled it I'll be that much to the good. Half of it I consider a loan——"

"Loan nothing!" burst out the man in a high pitched, indignant voice. "Can you call it anything but blood money when he put you in the hands of a man whom he hired to murder you?"

"My gracious, Mr. Godfrey, you don't think —"

"It is a matter of knowledge rather than thinking," broke in the strange Ethan Godfrey. "It is plain as two and two make four that Villaindon sent you on the vessel with Captain Briggs to get rid of you forever."

"I can't believe that he is such a villain as that."

"What motive think you the captain, a stranger, could have in trying to drown you in the bay?"

"There is no motive."

"You are sure?"

"Why, yes, reasonably sure," spoke our hero in reply. "I never saw the timberman till I went to his camp this spring. Being a stranger to him, poor as poverty, and friendless, it doesn't stand to reason that he would turn his hand over to hurt me."

"That's so; and yet——"

Godfrey fell to musing, neglecting his oars.

"Let me take the oars," cried the boy. "I am chilly and the work of rowing will warm me up."

To this the man assented, directing Ralph as to the course to be pursued. While our hero rowed his strange friend sat in a brown study. When near to land Godfrey directed the boy to row downshore, which he did for some distance till the boat-owner called a halt and exchanged places with his boy friend.

Soon the skiff glided into a little, willow-lined cove, covering the occupants with a roof of tangled wildwood vines. It was dark as a pocket here. Mr. Godfrey took charge of operations, securing the craft and requesting his young charge to follow him, which the boy had no hesitancy in doing, soon finding himself in a small fisherman's shanty, rough of wall, rude of furniture, yet withal snug and comfortable.

Godfrey soon had a light burning. Ralph divested himself of his wet clothing and crawled into bed.

The next morning the boy sprang up to find his garments dried before a brisk fire and a steaming breakfast awaiting his discussion. The man came in by the time our hero was dressed and expressed pleasure at seeing his young friend looking so bright and chipper.

"You've been awful kind to me, Mr. Godfrey," said Ralph.

"Pray don't mention it."

"Do you live here all alone, sir?"

Like most boys our hero was curious. Godfrey laughed as he launched himself into a chair at the table.

"I am living here alone, or have been doing so till now. I expect your company for a time, which will make it seem more pleasant."

"Oh, but I can't stay here," quickly cried the boy, a morsel of meat poised on a fork.

"Want to go to the palatial home awaiting you I suppo " laughed Godfrey.

"No, but I can't be a drone you know," explained Ralph. "I have adopted the motto 'Do or Die' and I must live up to it you know."

"Exactly," responded the other dryly. "You came near living up to the last half of it last night all right. Of what profit would it be to you to die, my young friend?"

"None whatever of course, but——"

"But you want to go out and deliver yourself up to the Philistines who would slay you without mercy. Don't be rash, my boy."

"I must find a place to work."

"Wait here with me a few days. Something may turn up."

"I prefer to go out and turn up something."

"Good idea all right, in the main, but just now, according to your own statement, 'you are under suspicion and there's a warrant out for your arrest."

"So I was told by Mr Villaindon."

"Which may not have a word of truth in it, you know."

"Do you think that?"

"I do not, since I know that a body has been found in Roaring Run, and that you have been indicted for murder——"

"How horrible!" shuddered Ralph, turning pale.

"It does not, however, follow that there is justice in the indictment. I believe you are to be made the victim of a plot. The idea of sending you down to sea and to a rest in the bottom of the bay was an afterthought with the boss schemer. Now that you have escaped, the moment it is learned that you are not accidentally drowned, you will be hunted like a fox by the hounds. I think you understand?"

"I have a faint idea——"

"It is that you will be haled into court to answer to the charge of murder. Now, let the world think you dead and nobody will hunt for you. Meantime you can work under cover to unmask as great a villain as ever lived."

"I wish I could think otherwise, but Mr. Villaindon has acted queerly all along; I am afraid you are right," returned the boy, trying hard not to think ill of his late employer.

"Sure I'm right," assured the man. "My head has for a long time been in a sad muddle. I met with a fall the other day and I am coming to myself. When I do you may be sure it will be my aim to bring a bad man to justice."

Ralph regarded the speaker with considerable curiosity. The man was evidently of good intellect, a thorough gentleman, yet in seedy attire, as though he had been in hard luck.

"So you have known Mr. Villaindon in the past," said Ralph.

"I think so."

"Are you then not positive?"

"Oh, as to that, I think I can say 'yes.' If my suspicions can be verified, there's a better day coming for you, my lad, and mayhap something fairly good to me. I want you to do as I tell you and all will be well. As for obligations, I consider that we are equal. You saved my life from the street car and it is barely possible that I saved yours last night."

"Sure you did. I am grateful——"

"Tut, tut! Not a word of that. Do as I tell you and all will be well."

"Tell me about yourself, your name—"

"My name you already have; as for my life story, that is unimportant. You and I can hobble along together without any further introduction I take it."

Ralph was not quite satisfied. He agreed, however, to stop at the fishing house for a few days till he could know for certain whether he was in any danger. The boy was anxious to be doing for himself, to be putting his best foot forward in the battle of life. It would be anything but a pleasant prospect loitering at the lonely house on the shore.

Godfrey brought freshly caught fish for dinner and Ralph fried them. The boy was not to show his head outside for a few days, at least. The waiting was not so bad, after all, when he discovered among the effects of his queer friend several volumes of history of an absorbing nature, and as if to sweeten the lump there were two stories written by one of the popular authors of the day.

About noon of the second day the man came in with a daily paper, one page of which was given to the describing of the finding of the dead body of Gilbert Gragdon and of the post mortem investigation which led to the bringing to light of Ralph Overton's part in the foreman's demise.

"You will see from this, my lad, that the fellows of the law would nab you the moment you showed your head," said Mr. Godfrey.

"It seems so, but what good will it do to stop in hiding? There can be no escape from the law; I will be finally captured and brought up for trial. I don't like to hide in this way; it seems to show guilt," returned the hero, blushing beneath the steady gaze of his inquisitor.

"But you are not guilty?"

"Not as that paper tries to make out, sir," quickly spoke Ralph.

"And yet there is some guilt, eh?"

"Did I not tell you, Mr. Godfrey?"

"Why, yes, I reckon you did. There was a scuffle in which you carelessly pushed the foreman into Roaring Run. That was the way of it, I believe?"

"About the way of it, sir," agreed the boy.

At this moment the sound of a human voice was heard outside, a hallo from one boatman to another. Mr. Godfrey sprang hastily up and went out. Ralph was keen to learn what was passing. Five minutes after the exit of the elderly man the sound of voices fretted the outside air. Ralph opened the door and crept down the inlet.

"Strange that you should come here looking for dead boys," Ralph heard the voice of Godfrey speaking. "Surely a poor fisherman like me could know noth-

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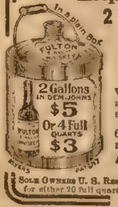

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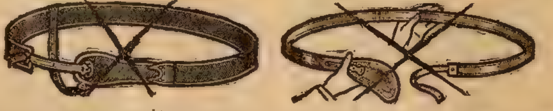

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ing about him. He was drowned according to the paper.

"That was the first report, old man."

"Well?"

"It is now surmised that the young villain escaped and is hid some'rs along this shore. We're going to search every house and every thicket from the docks to Long Point; that's why we are here, me'n Sim."

"Oh, well, you are welcome to search my joint," said Godfrey. "Come on and I'll show ye through it myself."

And then Ralph heard steps approaching the house from the direction of the entrance to the narrow inlet

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT OF HIDING.

Our boy hero was troubled in mind. Godfrey was leading two men directly to his shanty, knowing as he must that the boy sought was under his roof. Was he about to prove treacherous? The man was a comparative stranger to Ralph; he was queer-acting at times, a decided oddity. The boy crouched in the bushes as Godfrey and the two men walked up the inlet toward the house.

"You must think I am a defier of law," cried the fisherman, turning about, facing the men who followed, halting them in the pathway. "I am a law-abiding citizen I want you to understand, and don't want no foolishness."

"We mean business all right," sneered the nearest man.

"Yes," snorted the other. "Get along there, quick, before the young cub suspects what's up."

"Hold on a bit," roared Godfrey, in a loud voice, raised as Ralph now believed on purpose to give him warning and a chance of escape.

The three men stood parleying for perhaps three minutes, after which Godfrey continued on to the house. Throwing wide the door he cried:

"There, blame you, search if you want to! You'll find nothing worth stealing."

Nor did they. The interior of the place was scant of furniture, and it goes without saying that they found nothing of the lad they were seeking.

'Are you fellows satisfied?" demanded the pretended fisherman.

"Not quite," began the more intelligent of the two men. "We believe the young murderer is hidden somewhere in this vicinity——"

"See here," broke in Godfrey, pretending anger, "is that a reflection on me? If it is, I want you to understand that I ain't harboring murderers nor thieves. I read about the boy drowning and I don't see why you think he did not"

"Easy as grease, my friend," explained the man. "A boat was seen last night sculling in from the harbor which had two persons aboard, one a boy. This was about the time the fellow who tumbled overboard from the schooner must have drowned if at all—see?"

"All imagination!" sneered Godfrey.

The three men stood for some time discussing the situation. After a while the two pursuers of Ralph Overton reluctantly began to retrace their steps.

'Hello! what's this?"

This ejaculation was caused by a flutter of white hanging from a bush at the pathside. The man snatched it and began a close scrutiny of a set of initials on one corner.

"Give that to me," and Godfrey attempted to snatch the handkerchief.

"I guess not, old man."

The speaker turned fiercely upon the fisherman, his eyes blazing with anger and resentment.

"You have deceived us, you old dotard," roared the searcher. "It was you in that boat last night, you and the runaway boy. We'll find him now if we have to tear your old shanty down about your ears."

"Don't be a fool," sneered Godfrey.

"Better give up the boy," suggested the second man.

Ethan Godfrey seemed to hesitate.

"I'll give you ten dollars to tell——"

"Ha! then there's a reward," cried out the pretended fisherman in eager tones; "a big reward, no doubt!"

"No, only a small sum."

"Which you will share with me if I tell you where the boy is?"

The hiding Ralph heard this and again despised his supposed friend. Every man has his price. Might not these boy-hunters touch the notch and lead his supposed friend into their camp? The lad waited with bated breath the outcome

"Yes, we will share with you," agreed the other.

"Yes, by hokus," broke in the second man. "Split the reward in two, Job; gin him half, which is——"

"Never you mind," interrupted the one called Job, pushing his companion backward. "I am running this thing; keep quiet will you, Kale."

'I won't agree to nothing short of half," protested Godfrey, his eyes shining like stars.

"And that you shall have," assented Job. "If you produce the boy Ralph Overton, we will see that you get twenty-five dollars spot cash. What say you to that, old man. Money like that don't grow on every bush."

"It don't for a fact, chuckled Godfrey shuffling his hands.

"Well, what do you say?"

"Be you fellows in a hurry?"

"That's what we are."

"Well, I reckon you'll wait until your hurry's over before Ethan Godfrey sells a human soul to the butcher for a pittance. I told you the boy wasn't here, so go long about your business. I don't want to be pestered with you another minute."

The speaker turned his back squarely on the two boy-hunters.

"This," shaking the handkerchief, "has Ralph Overton's name on it, proving he has been here. You are hiding him from officers of the law——"

"Hold on, hold on there!" and Godfrey whirled angrily upon the speaker. "If you chaps are officers of the law produce you warrant; if you can't do that then you just git out of here as fast as your legs will carry you."

The speaker drew himself up to his full stature and breathed defiance in the faces of the two men. The confab was becoming more interesting each moment, the part taken in it by the queer Mr. Godfrey puzzling Ralph more and more.

"We have no warrant——"

"Then git!"

"But, see here," protested the man Job, "anybody has a right to take a red-handed murderer wherever he can find him. The whole city is out looking for the boy 'at killed Gil Gragdon. Anybody can take him, dead or alive."

"I don't subscribe to any such doctrine," retorted Godfrey. "You fellows git out of this, will you?"

"No, we won't," blurted the second man. "It's as Job says, and this 'ere bit of cloth tells the story of the boy's bein' here. We want him and 'll take him, whether or no. If ye give him up peaceable nobody'll try to put you in jail for aidin' a criminal. If ye don't, then you'll have to go to prison long of Ralph Overton."

While this man was talking his companion slipped to the rear of the supposed fisherman. As his partner ceased speaking he threw his arms about Godfrey and bore him to the ground.

Fetch the rope, Kale, and we'll tie him up. We'll take the geeser to jail and see if he can't be made to tell the truth."

The second man sprang to the aid of his comrade.

"Here's the rope," cried he. "Tie him fast, Job. We can't afford ter fool with him any longer."

"Cowards!" vociferated Godfrey, who struggled desperately in the hands of the two men. Not far away was the watching Ralph. His blood was boiling by now. Without hesitancy he darted from concealment and went to the rescue of his strange friend.

Mindful of the fact that he was under suspicion for the murder of one man, our hero was careful not to assault another with a deadly weapon. A club lay near at hand, but this might prove a dangerous weapon, so he refused to use it. He lit upon the back of Job, wound his fingers in the man's long hair and dragged him, yelling, from the body of his victim.

Now was Godfrey's opportunity. He dealt the eager Kale a blow between the eyes that sent him sprawling.

"Hand here the rope," called Ralph

Mr. Godfrey caught the rope from Kale's hand and aided his boy friend to tie Job's hands behind his back.

Meantime the second man staggered to his feet, retreating with muttered curses. After Kale had gone boy and man looked at each other in a sort of dim consciousness that they had done something foolish.

The sound of oars caused Ralph to run into the bushes. He saw the companion of the bound man rowing rapidly away.

"That coward has deserted his chum," said the boy when he came slowly back to the scene of the conflict.

Godfrey looked troubled.

"This is bad business," he said.

"Yes," agreed the boy.

"For you, my boy," declared Godfrey.

"No less so for you, Mr. Godfrey"

"Oh, I am not borrowing trouble on my own account,"and the man laughed.

The prisoner stirred and growled: "Both of you will go to prison for this."

Unheeding, Mr. Godfrey turned to Ralph, saying: "I am sorry you came out and showed yourself. I'm afraid we shall have a lot more difficulty avoiding the detectives——"

"Don't worry about that," hastily protested our hero. "I couldn't stop in hiding and see these fellows beat you up, Mr. Godfrey. What if I am discovered? I am not afraid to face the music."

"Both of you are jail birds," growled the bound man. "Better cut this blamed rope, "it's cutting my wrists fearfully. Where's Kale?"

"Your companion vamoosed," said Godfrey.

'The lazy coward!"

"Oh, I don't know," and Mr. Godfrey knelt again beside his prisoner "He has very likely gone for help. Since you know that this boy is with me I suppose there is no longer any reason for secrecy. I will tell you plainly that the youngster is not guilty of any crime. It was all my doings, his not giving himself up right at the start. If I let you go, what will you do?"

"Knock your head off if I can."

"But you can't do that, you know," and Godfrey smiled grimly.

"You are too big a coward to release me."

I guess not, my friend." With the words the strange Mr. Godfrey out with his jackknife and cut the rope, setting the prisoner free.

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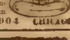

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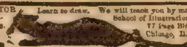

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His majesty rather enjoys hard work, and, having no taste for what are called the "pleasures of society," finds his chief interest and satisfaction in performing his duties.

The King rises early, and, when there is special stress of official business, gets to work at once. This was his habit for many weeks at the beginning of his reign.

Few realize how many hours of sheer clerical drudgery the sovereign must go through each day. The official dispatch boxes claim his attention as insistently as the ledger does that of the merchant.

Not only has he the constant stream of state documents coming up for consideration and signature, but a variety of work devolves upon him as the official head of the church, the army and the navy.

Foreign affairs are his special concern, and he is in constant communication with his fellow sovereigns, and keeps a watchful eye on the trend of events. His own deep personal interest in the distant parts of the empire makes him a student of colonial affairs.

The offices that he holds as president or patron of institutions, hospitals, and societies involve correspondence and personal attention.

Court functions and appointments and the oversight of the royal household engage his attention; for, though much is arranged by officials, the King is the ultimate authority.

Furthermore, his majesty is a great landed proprietor, the patron of schools and church livings. He has much business detail to transact in connection with the Duchy of Lancaster, and also with the vast Duchy of Cornwall during the minority of the Prince of Wales. At Windsor and Sandringham he has the duties of a landlord to claim his attention, and these he discharges with the utmost thoroughness, for, like King Edward, he believes in personal supervision of his estates.

The King is most particular to keep himself informed on public events. He does not neglect his morning's newspaper, nor yet the evening editions, and is ever ready with the messages of sympathy and condolence on the death of distinguished people or in the case of disasters, accidents and public calamities. His ear must be ever at the telephone of the world.

He is not only a monarch, but a public man, and takes the greatest care with the preparation of his speeches and addresses. They all bear a distinctive personal touch.

Wherever he is the King must be in close touch with the Government and ready to consult with ministers at a time of crisis, hearing and considering their views and advising with them.

The King's day, therefore, is full of a multiplicity of work. He usually breakfasts at 8 with the Queen, and talks over their engagements for the day. The hour at which they will both or severally set out for public engagements or private visits are arranged and orders for horses or motors sent to the stables and garage. The visitors' list for the day is considered, and the royal host passes in mental review appropiate topics of conversation for luncheon and dinner guests, and those to be received in private audience, who may be as wide asunder in their interests as the Chinese minister and Ex-President Roosevelt.

Letters of private and domestic interest briefly engage the King's attention after breakfast, but he is not a great letter-writer, and leaves family correspondence to the Queen. He however, takes a keen fatherly interest in the letters from his sons at the naval college, which give a daily resume of their studies and doings. Prince Albert embellishes his letters with pictorial illustrations. Princess Mary and the younger princess also write letters to their parents concerning their work and recreations.

Whenever possible, the King accompanies the Queen in her morning visit to the nurseries and schoolroom. He is quite the family man, but not an over-strict parent. The Queen is the greater disciplinarian. Mindful of having been an incorrigible "pickle" himself, the King allows latitude to boy nature. On one occasion, when Queen Mary was much shocked at finding two of her boys in hot dispute over possession of a rocking horse and desired to have them punished, the King said: "Let them have it out; they will be better friends and make better men afterward."

If the King cannot now get a "breath of the briny," he at least likes to prepare for the morning's work by some outdoor exercise; it may be a gallop in Rotton row, or a brisk walk in the gardens of the palace, diversified by a romp with his younger children out for an airing, or a game of rackets with the young princes.

The serious work of the day begins when the King in his own room receives his invaluable private secretary, Lord Knollys, who lays before him the papers and documents demanding his attention.

The under secretaries are at work in another room, transmitting replies to communications on the King's instructions. The King is a man of few words and quick decisions, and works with admirable method. He avoids, if possible, leaving arrears of work for the next day.

In the intervals of desk work the King receives various people on business—heads of household departments, the royal warrant holders to show their goods, and many other persons who have obtained permission to present themselves.

At luncheon the King generally entertains relatives and friends, and visitors of distinction are frequently bidden. The elder children join their parents at this meal. When the court is at York cottage, luncheon is quite a family meal.

During the afternoon the King receives ambassadors and distinguished visitors to the capital in audience. Some more work in his private room may be dovetailed in, but frequently during the London season the King has some outside public function to attend.

It is always a great pleasure to the King if he is free to join the Queen and their children at 5 o'clock tea. Then fun and frolic prevail among the young people, and accounts are given of where they have been and what they have seen. The results of their cameras are perhaps displayed, or the knitting done for the Needlework guild. The little ones climb about father's chair and take full advantage of his good nature. When at Sandringham the King generally comes home to tea.

In the interval before dinner his majesty reads and transacts business in his own room. Various social engagements demand his presence in an evening when he is in London, and at Windsor he is rarely without dinner guests. The King does not as a rule work late; he prefers to rise early.

* * *

The Ghost of the Abbey.

(Continued from page six.)

man I love!" continued her mistress sternly. "You must not report anything."

"You love him still, miss?" said the other wonderingly.

"Heaven help me, yes! It will be many a long day before his image fades from my memory," was the sorrowful reply.

"I shan't be forgetting that audacious Barry in a hurry, with his soft tongue and wistful eyes. As for this new Mr. Desmond, I've took a fair dislike to him already, the coward!" cried the lady's maid wrathfully.

"Hush, Ada! We must try to make the best of him, although I confess that I am not at all prepossessed by his manners myself. But I must not remain talking here; I must go and prepare poor auntie for my cousin's arrival. I fear the whole affair will be a great shock to her, as she was so fond of—of the other," said the girl sadly as she turned away.

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Professor and a Fire.

Prof. Jenkins was deep in a philosophical discussion with a visiting classmate, when his neighbor, Mrs. Ely, knocked on his study door and then opened it without further ceremony.

"Oh, professor," she gasped from the threshold, "your house is on fire!"

"Thank you," the professor responded with smiling courtesy. As Mrs. Ely turned away he added: "Would you mind mentioning it to Mrs. Jenkins as you go out?"

Mrs. Ely giggled hysterically. "But I can't find Mrs. Jenkins! She is not in the house."

"Not in the house?" the professor was momentarily dazed. Then his countenance brightened and he visibly threw off all anxiety. "But she must have made some arrangements before going out. She always does. I am sure cook or Martha knows what she would wish done in such unusual circumstances."

Just then the fire department dashed up to the back door, and with it Mrs. Jenkins. She soon appeared in the study.

"It's all right, Theodore," she assured her husband. "We shall be able to confine the fire to the laundry; you won't be disturebd."

As she went out, gently closing the door after her, the professor remarked that Mrs. Ely was a good neighbor and a charming woman, but slightly impetuous.

"She ought to know by this time," said he, "that there is absolutely no necessity for me to meddle with household affairs. Dorothea is so entirely capable."

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Our catalog shows an endless variety of beautiful things that make the home more cheerful and comfortable. The largest city store does not show so many home conveniences—over ten acres of furnishings. This catalog is made up of special lots of household things, bought for cash from makers who were hard pressed for ready cash, or from factories whose outputs we control.

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Anything you select from our bargain catalog will be sent you for 30 days approval. You may use the goods a whole month before you decide to buy them. If they are not more than satisfactory, return the goods at our expense. We'll refund your small first payment, and even pay the freight charges both ways. Back of this offer is the endorsement of First National Bank of Chicago.

Send for Free Catalog

Send the coupon or a postal—today and we will send you Free and Postage Paid, this great book of house-furnishing bargains. Do this now.

Sent For $1.75 Only $1 Monthly
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Solid Oak 42 inch top pedestal table finished in rich flaky grain of golden. Has hand carved legs. Only a limited lot to close out at this special saving price of $10.95.

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Richly hand carved rocker finished in American Quarter Sawed Oak. Upholstered in chase leather, a marvel of comfort and beauty. Sold at guaranteed saving of 25%. Total Price, $5.25
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This elegant Brussels Rug, woven of extra heavy all-wool worsted yarns, is another example of the 3862 bargains in our big catalog. Comes in colors green, red and tan, size 9x12 feet. $20 value, our price only $16.60.
Only $1.25 Monthly

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$150.00 PER MONTH

AND EXPENSES MADE BY ALL OUR ACTIVE MEN. WE PAY MANY FAR MORE. WE WANT MEN IN EVERY COUNTY IN THE UNITED STATES

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WE ARE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TAILORS.

We buy our cloth direct from the LARGEST AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN MILLS. We operate the most extensive and economic tailoring plant in existence, cut to measure and made to order Suits and Overcoats from $7.50 up. Pants from $2.50 up. AT THESE PRICES everyone will prefer to have his garments cut to his measure and made to his order. No Difficulty In Getting Orders. Our instructions are so plain, our suggestions to the salesman so thorough, that anyone can immediately make a success of the work. YOU REQUIRE NOTHING. NO CAPITAL. NO EXPERIENCE. Neither the agent nor his customer assume the slightest risk. WE TAKE ALL THE CHANCES OF TRANSPORTATION. We either ship direct to your customers, collecting your full selling price and send you weekly check for all your profits; or, if you prefer, we ship direct to you at your net confidential price, allowing you to make your own collections.

NEARLY ALL OUR MEN MAKE $40.00 EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR.

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ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 64 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

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Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

500 LATEST SONGS 10c

The greatest collection ever offered, with PIANO MUSIC. Nearly every song you ever heard. Sung, whistled and played everywhere. No one else has them.

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Grizzly Bear
Naughty Eyes
Stop, Stop, Stop
Steamboat Bill
Cubanola Glide
Clover Blossoms
You're an Indian
My Post Card Girl
When I Marry You
Sweetheart Time
Just for a Girl
Sweet Italian Love
Garden of Dreams
Love's Young Dream
Captain Baby Bunting
All that I Ask Is Love
If I Only Had the Nerve
Tittle, Tattle, Tattle Tale
Make a Noise Like a Hoop
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Will the Angels Let Me Play
Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly
By the Light of the Silvery Moon
Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon
I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now
Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet
A Lemon in the Garden of Love
I Could Love a Million Girls
When the Moon Plays Peek-a-Boo
The Sweetest Girl in Dixie
Play That Barber Shop Chord
Like the Rose You're the Fairest Flower
To the End of the World With You
Your Lips, Your Eyes, Your Golden Hair
Come Josephine in My Flying Machine
Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl
That's What the Rose Said to Me
Abraham Jefferson Washington Lee
I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave
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I'm Starving for One Sight of You
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$400 PIANO FREE and thousands of other costly presents given to persons who answer this. Send 10 cents today for this BIG SONG ALBUM; 3 copies 20c. Address STAR MUSIC CO., Dept. 48 CHICAGO, ILL.

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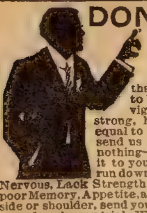

DON'T WAIT

Send your name today, and we will mail you a full $1 box of **Biel's Nerve Tablets** on trial. If they prove that they will restore you to health, give back your vigor, and make you feel strong, healthy and vigorous, equal to the pleasures of life, send us $1, otherwise we ask nothing—not a penny, we leave it to you to judge. If you are run down, have dizzy spells, are Nervous, Lack Strength, Vim, Vigor, Vitality, poor Memory, Appetite, are thin, pain over heart side or shoulder, send your name and address at once for a box on trial. When sure that they are what we claim for them by actual trial, then you pay us $1, but if uncertain, you pay nothing. Let us prove it to you. Write today.

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This FREE Recipe Cures Weak Men

If you are suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory, or lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, and you have become discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures, and wish to be restored to health, strength, and vigor, write me today and I will send you this Invigorating Prescription in a plain sealed envelope FREE OF CHARGE, so that you can cure yourself at home privately, and thus banish all your troubles. I have used this prescription in my practice for over twenty years, and I have proof that it reaches the seat of the trouble, and sets it bubbling with new life. Write today and receive it FREE. Address

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The great antiseptic for **Stricture, private disease, enlarged prostate, bladder troubles, womb diseases, ulcerations, & all debilitating discharges, men and women.** Safe, sure. **Best home remedy known for Stricture.** Destroys germs, relieves pain or burning, soothes, heals, **revitalizes.** Prevents contagion. Try it. Your money back if not satisfied. **No free sample fraud.** Crayons for men, suppositories for women. By mail, $1.00 per box. Six boxes for $5.00. Circular free. Address

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FREE 10 DAYS' TRIAL

Same Electric Belts sold by doctors at $15 to $60; direct from factory, $2 and up; why pay more? Free 10 days' trial. Cures rheumatism, lame back, varicocele, nervous debility, paralysis, stomach, kidney or liver troubles, etc. Catalog 4c stamps.

LEOTEY ELECTRIC CO., DAYTON, OHIO

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents.

DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. D FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

PIMPLES **DISAPPEAR** in 3 to 5 days never to return. **Send name**—address, ***Aura Rules,*** Box 112, Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

THIS KNIFE FREE

For names of 5 boys and 10 cents to pay postage. Has 2 1-2 in. blade. All the rage. STAR CO. Chicago.

SEX IGNORANCE ruins countless homes; 32-p. book 10c. S. H. Pile (13), Glasgow, Mo.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.

"Where did you get the long-legged horse I saw you driving last evening?" inquired the hotelkeeper.

"I bought him at an auction sale of fine stock and he's about the smoothest animal that ever came down the pike," replied the retired merchant. "You ought to see his pedigree. It's as long as a speech by LaFollette, and pretty near all the celebrated horses that ever lived are mentioned in it. I paid a good price for him, but I like to have a fine horse, if I have one at all. His grandsire trotted a mile——"

"Now, see here, my friend," interrupted the hotelkeeper, "don't begin any of that sort of business with me or things will happen. It's a great pity that a man can't own a gangling nag without feeling it incumbent upon him to bore his friends with long-winded stories about the exploits of the animal's aunts and grandmothers and other relatives. I wouldn't own such a horse as yours. It's all legs and it wabbles as though its joints were tied together with wire. I wouldn't own a blooded horse under any conditions, for it's nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit.

"When I was young I had a great weakness for fine stock. I wouldn't drive a horse unless I could carry its pedigree along and spring it on every man I met.

"After I had been married a while I bought a beautiful six-cylinder horse of a patrician family. It cost almost as much as a farm and its pedigree was all done up in red and gold and had a purple ribbon around it. Well, I had so much money tied up in that beast that it worried me until I became a living skeleton. Although I had patent burglar proof locks on my stable, I was always afraid that some yeggmen would break in and carry off my steed. I used to get up five or six times in the night and go out to see that he was in his boudoir.

"When I went driving I was afraid the precious critter would overexert himself and if he began to sweat I was full of anxiety. All the old butcher cart horses used to pass me, and my wife, who went along with me, begged me to get rid of that noble animal and buy a cheap horse that we could get some service out of. I had his life insured for a big sum and after I had paid the premiums the insurance company went broke. Nothing but bad luck pursued me while I owned that gilt edged horse. Finally he took a drink of cold water when he was warmed up and the next day he couldn't get out of the barn. He was foundered and I sold him to a tin peddler for $48.50.

"Then I bought an old plug horse for family use and got all kinds of satisfaction out of him. It didn't make any difference to speak of if he did get hurt, so we sent him skimming over the roads like a bobtailed meteor, and he fattened on it and never had a sick day in his life.

"The only real satisfaction a man gets out of expensive property is the satisfaction of bragging about it and boring his friends until they wish the lightning would strike him. This thing of investing in fancy stock is a delusion.

"I used to have the best clerk in the United States in this hotel. He came in from the country and didn't know how to be a dude, but he was so accommodating and industrious that everybody loved him. I had fool ideas in those days and wanted to make this shack like the Waldorf-Astoria, and so I sent away and got the real thing in the way of a clerk and fired the useful young man. The new clerk had the haughtiest stare you ever saw. He could freeze water with it. He also had several pounds of jewelry and he banged his hair. When he had been here three months the patrons of the place signed a round robin demanding his resignation.

"He gave me some back talk when I fired him and then the unanimous way he hit the pavement was surprising."

* * *

Venezuela's Resources.

Venezuela is but one of the many South American republics, and it is one of the most backward, W. H. Booth writes in Cassier's Magazine. None except Argentina is very busy so far. Venezuela lies directly southwest of Europe, as does Brazil, as well as Argentina. But the other states of this great continent lie upon the Pacific coast and can be reached only round Cape Horn, a journey of great length. Very soon the Panama Canal will be opened and ships will sail directly to west coast, and the opening of the canal will have very great influence upon Venezuela, for the northern coast is so near to the line of trade, and openings for commerce will surely arise. This is a most important factor in the situation. Venezuela today requires a free navigation of the Orinoco, the regulation of the bar at its mouth, or of the bars at its several mouths, so that the present maximum depth of fifteen feet may become thirty feet. The Orinoco has certain rocky obstructions in its course which would be removed by blasting, so as to give a full channel at least as far as Ciudad Bolivar, if not to San Fernando itself, so as to open up the great western llanos to the ocean. The Orinoco is so obviously the great highway of the country and has so many fine tributaries that what are at first required are merely railways to the Orinoco and its tributaries to place the whole country into shipping touch with Europe.

It is strange to think that so rich a land as Venezuela should be still almost deserted. In the country districts the backwardness exceeds that of the time of Humboldt or Waterton. The natural comfort of life does not make for much striving after the things sought for in harsher climates. Campaigning is not a matter of enduring cold and suffering, so that where the powers have willed it it has been easy to get up revolutions. Everything points to these being a thing of the past. The Castro regime has gone the way of that of Lopez of Paraguay, never to return, and, fortunately, without having done much harm, as did Lopez. With a continuance of steady government and an elimination of the worst monopolies, of the burdensome tariffs and of the natural obstructions to trade, there ought to be an immense commerce. The soil of Venezuela would pay for railways, roads, bridges, river improvements and everything that is necessary for the exploitation and conservation of the mining, agricultural, timber and general resources of this fertile land.

* * *

A Logical Youngster.

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be all canned stuff."

***This* Suit Will Put You On Your Feet**

Every man (and girl) of your acquaintance will notice the change in your appearance, for *nothing* so alters a young man's looks as a dandy suit of city-made clothes. We tailor-make more stylish clothes than any 500 tailors in towns like yours. We buy the *best* fabrics, *latest* shades and in *great* quantities. Our cutters originate most of the best styles you like so much. Our prices are the lowest. Suits from $7 50 up. We can sell a whole suit for less than the usual price of a coat, because the little profit on *each* of our *thousands* of suits satisfies us.

Can YOU Afford to Pass This Up? We want you to represent us in your town—to show our style book and samples to your friends. (Only one salesman in a territory.) The prices you can quote will astonish them and quickly close an order. All of our boys are making big money. If you will take *immediate* advantage of this offer and write us NOW for outfit and full details, we will make you one (only one) suit for yourself at our special salesman's inside price—one that no tailor on earth can duplicate. You'll look like "ready-money" in this suit and each and every one of your friends will want one like it. Write *now*—that's your only assurance that someone in your town doesn't get ahead of you. (40)

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dept. 465, Chicago, Ill.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

Don't like your gray mustache? Then make it a rich brown or black. Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

95 cents Post Paid

Guaranteed 5 Years

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail post paid for ONLY 95 CENTS. Regular gentleman's size, open face, full nickel silver plated plain polished case, Arabic dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. In addition to the watch, and without any extra charge whatever we send five Mdse. Certificates worth one dollar each when used as part payment on purchases from our catalogue. Send this advertisement to us with your name & address and 95c, and watch & certificates will be sent by return mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 95c today as this advertisement may not appear again. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

EXPRESS PREPAID

Free Bottle Dixie Cheer

We claim that for absolute purity, strength and delicious flavor, *Ullman's Whiskey* cannot be equaled at the price. The very first drink of this rich and mellow whiskey will convince you we are right. To induce you to try it, we offer you, absolutely free, with your first order, a bottle of genuine *Dixie Cheer*, a banquet beverage of surpassing quality, and a miniature bottle of rare old *Athletic Club Whiskey*. Here is our "just-in-order-to-prove" offer:

4 Full Quart Bottles ULLMAN'S WHISKEY $2.85 EXPRESS PREPAID

8 Full Quart Bottles ULLMAN'S WHISKEY $5.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

ONE BOTTLE OF DIXIE CHEER 1 Miniature Sample Old Athletic Club; 1 Glass and Corkscrew, with each 4 Qt. Order for Ullman's Whiskey FREE

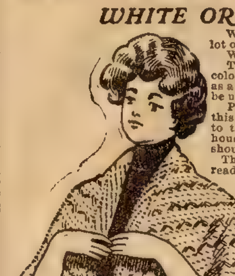
Now, make us prove it! This way: Send us your remittance for $2.85 and we will at once ship you—express prepaid—four full quart bottles of the celebrated *Ullman's Private Stock Whiskey*, one (1) bottle *Dixie Cheer*, and sample bottle *Athletic Club*; or remit us $5 00 and we will send you eight full quarts *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey* with two (2) free bottles *Dixie Cheer* and two (2) bottles *Athletic Club*—express prepaid. Glass and Corkscrew in every box. After you receive and test the whiskey, by drinking all you please, if you are not delighted with your purchase just return it to us and we will at once refund your money. All goods shipped in plain sealed package. Anyone who is sincerely searching for the world's greatest whiskey value should not fail to take advantage of this wonderful "just-in-order-to-prove" offer.

Exceptions—We make an extra charge of 75c per gal. on all orders by express prepaid to Arizona, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Wyoming, Dakotas and Colorado, or we will ship 20 qts. or more, by freight *prepaid* to points in these states without any extra charge. *Send Us Your Order Today!*

AMERICAN SUPPLY COMPANY, 2010 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

KNIT WOOL SHAWLS FREE!

WHITE OR RED



We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in two colors, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways: as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

Probably nothing is so useful in a home as a shawl like this. Just the thing for changeable weather. It is very handy to throw on the head when you run into your neighbor's house. Fine to wrap up the baby in. Throw it over your shoulders when sitting in a draft.

These shawls are large and well-made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one FREE OF ALL CHARGE, if you will fill out the coupon below and enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white or red in the proper space below.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber please say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

To THE CHICAGO LEDGER: Enclosed please find $1.00 for which enter my subscription for one year and send me one

(Color) . . . . Shawl, all charges prepaid.

Send the paper until further notice to

Name . . . .

Street, P.O. Box or R F.D, ...

Town . . . . State . . . .

This is a . . . . subscription.
(new or renewal)

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

Dazzling Schemes

(Continued from page nine.)

"Moddington, you are a genius!" exclaimed the baron.

Moddington shook his head.

"These simple children of the South are easy," he said. "It is like taking candy from a child. But after all we have done them a good service. The war would have cost them much more than we shall get out of the mines, not to mention the lives that would have been sacrificed. In fact, we ought to be classed as missionaries."

The baron shook with laughter.

"Gott in Himmel!" he cried, "that is said like the true American. When he explains why he robbed you, you are ready to apologize for getting mad about it."

Sounds of music came from below. They bent their heads and listened. A band in front of the hotel was playing "America."

"They have just learned that we have had something to do with putting down the revolution," said Moddington, "and they have come to honor us. I must go out presently and thank them." He was silent for a few moments. The throbbing music rose and fell. It brought a flood of memories to Moddington—memories of a little schoolhouse among the New England hills—of childish voices singing the hymn that touched every American's heart. He got up and stood with uncovered head. There was a suspicion of moisture in his eye. "Baron," he said, a little huskily, "it is good to feel that one is an American, and it is good of those poor devils to come and play that." He turned slowly toward the window. "We are going to give them a square deal," he said. "Yes, by God!"

* * * * * *

The rising moon threw its yellow flood over Dragon Castle, and the stray beams filtering through the graceful foliage of the bamboo, fell on a man and woman as they stood in a little vine-wreathed nook. Bobby Henning was holding the hand of the Countess.

"It was on a night like this in Rome," he was saying, "when I began the search for you—a search that was to end at another side of the world! How sweet it is to know that it ended, and to have your assurance that we never shall be separated again!" He drew her to him and kissed her on the cheek and lips.

The moon was slipping down the western sky as a cab rolled noiselessly toward the pale lights of San Vincente. Sandy leaned back against the cushions, a sweet oval face before his mental vision, a new and great joy in his heart.

"It is going to be a double wedding," he said, and relapsed into silence. The song of a bird came from the perfumed darkness, mingling with the insects' drowsy hum—Nature's sweet, unstudied song of Love, rising like an anthem through the voluptuous night!

The end.

* * *

A Land of Kisses.

Irreverent Englishmen reminded King George before his coronation of the dreadful fate in store for him, for the archbishop would kiss him, and not only the archbishop, but the princes of the blood royal and the representatives of the peers. Kissing was the common salutation among Englishmen in the time of Charles II. and in other periods as it is now on the continent. A London journal stated not long ago that the British boy "has quite given up being kissed by his father, and he is kissed by his sister and his aunt only by compulsion." No doubt he is disgusted when he reads of Nelson's words as he was dying: 'Kiss me, Hardy."

The English were for a long time inveterate and promiscuous kissers, so that they excited the wonder of visiting foreigners, a writer in the Boston Herald says. A Venetian gave this report of London ladies early in the sixteenth century: "If they meet a friend they take his hand and kiss him full on the mouth and go into some tavern and eat with him. And their people do not take it ill. And they are most beautiful ladies, and most pleasant."

There was this free kissing everywhere, openly in the street and in the church. Samuel Kiechel warned his countrymen to do in England as the English did. "A guest does well to take his hostess in his arms and to kiss her; who does it not is looked upon as ignorant and ill bred." Books of travel written by visitors of various countries abound in evidence of the habit that is now regarded as dangerously microbic.

But Englishmen, apparently, drew the line in Cowper's time, for when Mr. Grenville, standing for Parliament, called on Cowper to secure his vote and influence, and the poet told him he had neither vote nor influence, he did not embrace him. "He squeezed me by the hand, kissed the ladies and withdrew. He kissed, likewise, the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind hearted gentleman."

* * *

"Are you anywhere near the head of your class in school?"

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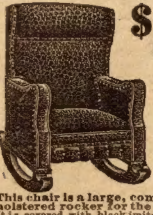

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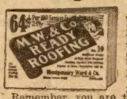
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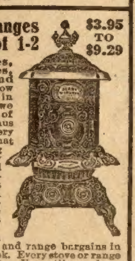

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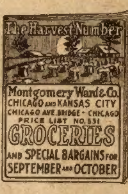

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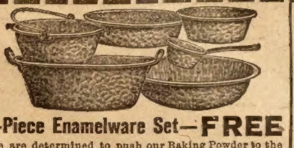

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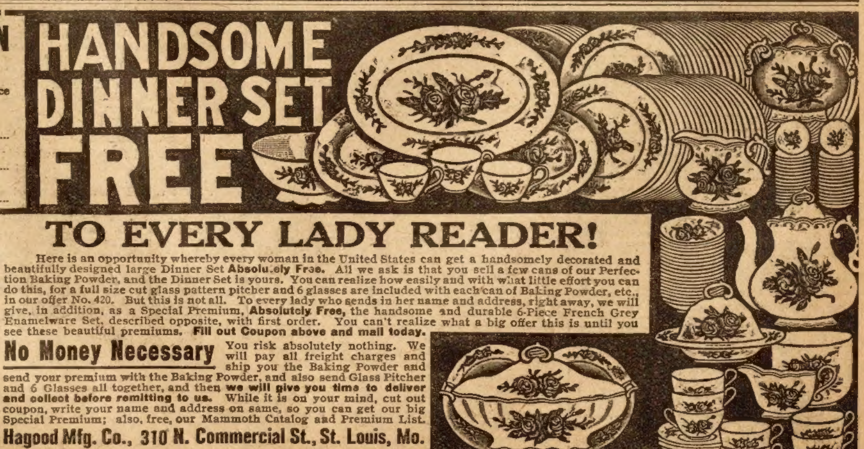

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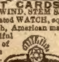

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Jee and Shou.

The tale is about two princes, who lived a long time ago in the Chinese kingdom of Wee. Jee was his father's eldest son, and while he was still a boy his father betrothed him to a little princess in a neighboring State. When this little girl grew up she became famous for her beauty, and Jee's father sought to have her for himself. So the princess, instead of coming to Wee to be Jee's wife, came to be his stepmother.

Afterward there were born two half-brothers, who received the names of Shou and Shuo. Shou loved Jee, but Shuo was never tired of telling wicked falsehoods about him to the stepmother, who in turn told them to the king. So it came about that the king grew to hate his eldest son and plotted to kill him.

He at last hired robbers to wait in hiding by the roadside; and then, calling for Jee, he pretended to send him on an important errand to the border kingdom of Chi. Shou somehow heard of the king's wicked plot, and, like Jonathan of old, told Jee, with the object of preventing him from undertaking the perilous journey. But Jee replied, "The king, my father, commands me," and went on with his preparations to depart.

Shou was in great distress. It did not matter to him that Jee's death would mean his own advancement. He nobly resolved to die in his elder brother's stead. So as Jee was about to depart, Shou stole the little ensign of office, which in those days a king's messenger always carried in front of his carriage, and hastily set off toward the river that separated the two kingdoms. He went to his death, for the robbers waiting in ambush, seeing the king's ensign, sprang out and slew the brave prince.

Jee was following close behind and arrived at the spot before the robbers had run off. A glance showed him his half-brother lying stricken by the roadside with the ensign still in his hand. The truth flashed across his mind, and he cried out to the robbers, "The king's command was to slay me! What wrong had my brother done to you?" Thereupon the robbers struck down Jee, also, and thus the kingdom lost two good and brave princes.

The whole kingdom grieved when the news became known, and the royal poets told of the people's sorrow in poems that are repeated in the schools of China to this day.

Homesick.

Bess was homesick. She was not far away from home, and she knew it, but she was far enough away to be lonely and lonesome. She was in Oregon, and on the other side of the Columbia River was the town of Vancouver and the State of Washington, where she had always lived. She had been sold to some people in Oregon and she did not like it. Bess knew her way home, and she determined not to stay in Oregon. She ran away, kicking the men that tried to hold her back, and went five miles down the river to the ferry. She tried to cross the river on the boat, but the ferrymen would not let her get on board. It is not customary for horses to go traveling alone. All night she tried to sneak on the boat, but every time she was chased off.

When morning came Bess was almost discouraged. She saw that she could not persuade any one to carry her to Washington, and so she jumped in the water and started to swim. The Columbia River at Vancouver is a mile wide, but Bess is a good swimmer. She plunged along, swimming strongly and steadily, and finally she pulled herself, dripping and weary, out on her native land of Washington. She went home, but she was sent back to the men that had bought her in Oregon, and now she is kept under a close watch so that she will not try another swim. Every one thinks she is a marvel. It is not known that any other horse ever did what she has done, though it is said that fifteen years ago a mule swam across the river at the same place. But mules are different.

A Dangerous Trip.

There is one officer of the army in Bavaria who will be careful to learn everything about a dangerous venture that he undertakes. He came near to getting killed a little while ago because he did not know everything about balloons. The officer was going to be taught how to be an aeronaut, which means a balloonman or an aeroplane-driver. He got into a military balloon at Ingolstadt, where he is stationed, and the balloon in some manner broke away from its fastenings before any one else could get in with him. You know what happens when an inflated balloon breaks away from its fastenings. It goes up. This is exactly what this balloon did, and with it went the German officer who did not know much about balloons.

You may be sure that the man tried at once to let the gas out of the bag, so that the balloon would come down, but he did not know how to work the valve. He was three miles up in the air before he was able to make an opening in the silk. Of course, as the gas escaped the balloon fell, but it was so high in the air and the vent was so large that most of the gas was out when the officer saw earth not far below him. He jumped out of the basket into the branches of a tree and the balloon, relieved of his weight, shot upward again. The officer reached the ground not much the worse for his experience and the balloon came to earth at last near Innesbruck, Austria.

Part Frog.

"Froggie" is not an unusual nickname for a boy in the country, where real boys grow, but the boy that most deserves the name lives in a large city, St. Louis. Other boys may be called "Froggie" because of their legs or their eyes or the way they walk or swim, but Thomas Reardon, who is 5 years old, should have the name because he is partly frog. The part of him that is frog is part of the skin of one leg. Thomas, you see, was playing with fire and got burned. The doctor was afraid that one of the legs would have to come off because it was burned so badly, but finally he decided that it could be patched up as good as new with skin that did not belong to Thomas. Usually a surgeon will take skin from the body of some other person for such an operation, but in this case the doctor used frog skin, sacrificing three bullfrogs for the purpose, and at the end of the operation he hoped that Thomas would soon be able to walk as well as ever. But suppose the skin retains some of its frog nature? Then, while one leg is walking soberly along the sidewalk, the other will be madly hopping over toward the creek. Still, with all its inconveniences, such a condition of affairs would not be bad for making an excuse when a frog-boy wants to go swimming.

Swing Day.

Swing day is one of the boys' most popular holidays in Siam. It is a festival that takes place once a year. The great fun is on that day, but the boys find pleasure in practicing and getting ready for it through the whole year.

Swings are set up on high poles and a short distance from each swing, stands another pole marked with a waving banner. Just below this banner hangs a purse filled with gold, which is the prize.

A boy seats himself in the swing and moves back and forth until he gets well started and then he brings himself near the precious prize. He has one chance given him to reach out and seize it in his mouth. If he succeeds he keeps it; if he fails, he is obliged to jump from the swing and slide down the pole while the crowds jeer at him. If he catches the purse a rope ladder is put out and he walks down it in a dignified manner, while everybody cheers heartily.

Flower Names.

The camelia was named from a missionary in the Orient, Kamel. On his return to France he brought with him some gorgeous specimens of a flower that he called the rose of Japan. His friends, however, gave it his name, Camelia. Dahlias were brought from Peru by Andre Dahl. Fuchsias were named for their discoverer, Leonard Fuchs. Magnolias received the name of Professor Magnol de Montpelier, who first brought the beautiful trees from Asia and America to France. Anemone means to tremble with the wind. Lavender is so called because the Romans put a spray of it in the water to perfume the hands. The Latin word to wash is lavare.

A RIDDLE.

You need it to finish your breakfast;
  Your tea must begin with it, too;
Don't have it with luncheon or dinner,
  You'll have a bad spell if you do!

You need it with turkey and biscuit;
  Two times you must have it with toast,
But never with pickles or cookies
  Or candy, though always with roast.

You're little. It's weakly and cambric.
  You're big. It is brownish and strong.
'Tis doubled and bubbled in kettles.
  Oh, guess it—and don't you guess wrong!

A Dutch Baby.

In Holland there is a queer custom connected with the birth of a child. The proud parents make known to their neighbors that a boy has come to live with them by hanging a pink silk ball covered with lace on the door knob or knocker. If the baby is a girl, there is a small bit if paper attached to the ball.

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Decline of the Picnic.

"Say, do you think the American picnic is what it used to be?" asked the man who was wearing a last year's Panama hat. "I have often thought," he went on, says a writer in the New York Sun, "that trolley cars would eventually make the modern picnic such a sorry variation of the old fashioned style that young people would not care whether they were going to a picnic or to a moving picture show.

"Who ever heard of going to a picnic in a trolley car when you and I were kids? In those days they had picnic wagons with seats running along the sides. There was some class to that. Mebbe you called them carryalls, but we called them picnic wagons, and that's what they were. They were built to accommodate about twenty persons besides the driver, and there was space up on the driver's seat for the young man who lost out with his girl in the course of the day and desired to get away from the light hearted crowd on the drive home, so that he might plan out his dismal future.

"It's been about fifteen years since I last went to one of those old-fashioned picnics in a picnic wagon with a bunch of young men in duck trousers and other festive garb, and young women in jaunty little shirtwaist outfits. Yes, it's been a long while, but I could start out today and make the preliminary arrangements for a picnic of that sort with just as much certainty as I could when I was going to high school and cribbing my Latin out of a pony.

"The first step after we had made up a crowd of congenial spirits was for two or three of us to adjourn to a livery stable, where we would endeavor to reach an agreement with the man who owned the picnic wagon as to how much his outfit meant to him for one day. My memory is a little hazy, but it seems to me that we usually got out for somewhere around one iron mat apiece. There was no further expense, because, according to tradition, all eatables were provided by the feminine portion of the party.

"We weren't hard to please. A few cold fried chickens, some peanut sandwiches, a big paper sack full of Saratoga chips, some potato salad in a fruit jar, two or three kinds of jelly and bread and butter, a couple of chocolate cakes and a cocoanut cake and a freezer full of strawberry ice cream and a few accessories were practically all we expected at a picnic dinner in those days. Oh, we weren't young fellows who expected much to eat!

"It was customary for people who went on picnics to go to a certain spot where there was a small river the size of a creek, with good-sized cliffs on both sides. The advantages of this place were that it was twelve miles away, which meant a long drive home by moonlight or starlight, as the case might be—it didn't matter much—and there were a lot of rocks in the creek where the girls could cross over to the other side if they had able-bodied assistance. I never found out what there was on the other side to make anybody desire to go there, but the fact remains that the difficulties in crossing to that side, together with the ambition everybody had to get there, was one of the advantages of the picnic site."

* * *

To the Bridegroom.

You may not have noticed it, but they button on the back.

Life is a discipline, and so you had better take time by the forelock and be prepared.

Purchase from some large dressmaking establishment one of those bulgy ladies who have neither head nor legs, known as dummies or dress forms. Procure an old gown of your mother's or sister's, and each morning practice fastening it down or up the back.

Set it in a rocking chair, so that it will wiggle, and see whether you can get the right button or hook into the right buttonhole or eye. When you can do this, once out of four times, have the buttons changed to a size just too large for the buttonholes and begin all over again. If fairly clever at this, try a row of hooks and eyes invisible to the naked eye.

Then substitute for the metal eyes a few loops of thread, well lost in the meshes of a jungle of lace.

Do not use a strong light, for you will often have to perform in the twilight or early morning. Speed is a requisite, and there should be a few pins and needles thrust into the gown at unexpected points.

At first you may use the language that comes naturally, but gradually this should be discontinued and replaced by something less offensive. Count ten before you really express your feelings.

If you are able to pass through this course successfully, fastening the gown straight in three minutes without profanity, you may proceed to the next lesson.

* * *

King George V. Uses 'Phone.

Among many other improvements at Buckingham palace, says an exchange, sweeping alterations have been made in regard to the telephone department, which in King Edward's time was of the most primitive description. The late King heartily disliked the telephone and never used it if he could manage without it, but King George, who is methodical and business-like, uses it constantly by day and night.

The general postoffice has now installed a special exchange in the palace with three fifty-line switchboards, two for day and one for night service. There is an extension from the switchboard to the King's private apartments and in addition the King has a private exchange line of his own which is used for specially private conversations on affairs of state and cabinet ministers and high officials.

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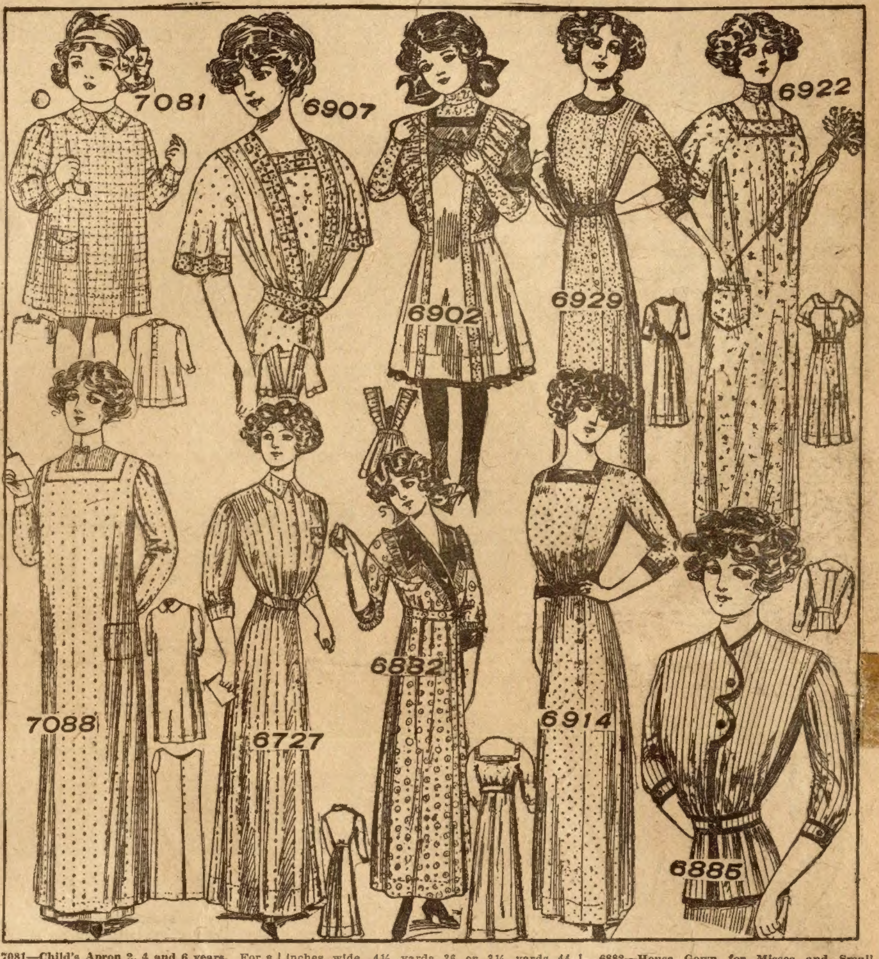

7081—Child's Apron 2, 4 and 6 years. For a child of 4 years of age will be required 2½ yards of material 27 or 2 yards 36 inches wide.

6907—House Jacket with Peplum and Body and Sleeves in One, 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36 or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, 5 yards of banding.

6902—Girl's Apron, 6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years of age will be required 2⅜ yards 27 or 1¾ yards 36 inches wide, with 3⅜ yards of insertion, 2¾ yards of ruffling for the bretelles.

6929—House Gown for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 6½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44, with 1 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming bands.

6922—Work Apron, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust. For the medium size will be required 5 yards of material 27 or 3½ yards 36 inches wide with 3½ yards of banding.

7088—Work Apron, 34 to 44 bust. For the medium size will be required 7¾ yards of material 27 or 4¼ yards 36 inches wide, with ½ yard 27 for the trimming.

6727—House Dress or Nurses' Costume, 34 to 46 bust. For the medium size will be required 7½ yards of material 24 or 27, 6⅛ yards 36 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide.

6882—House Gown for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 5⅝ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 4¼ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard of satin for trimming.

6914—House Dress with Four Gored Skirt, with Box Plait or Gathered Back, 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 7 yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

6885—House Jacket, 34 to 44 bust. For the medium size will be required 4¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 yards 36, 2½ yards 44, ½ yard of silk for trimming.

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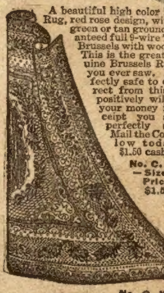

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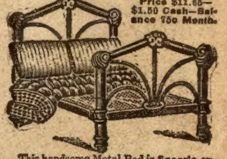

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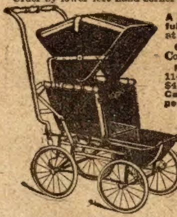

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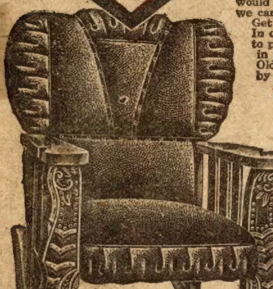

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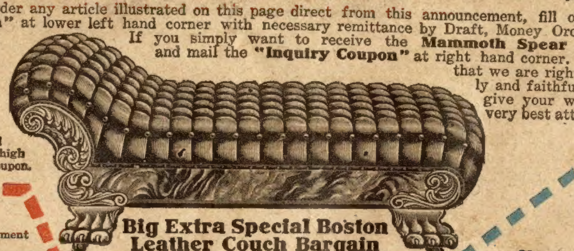

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